June 9, 1965

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

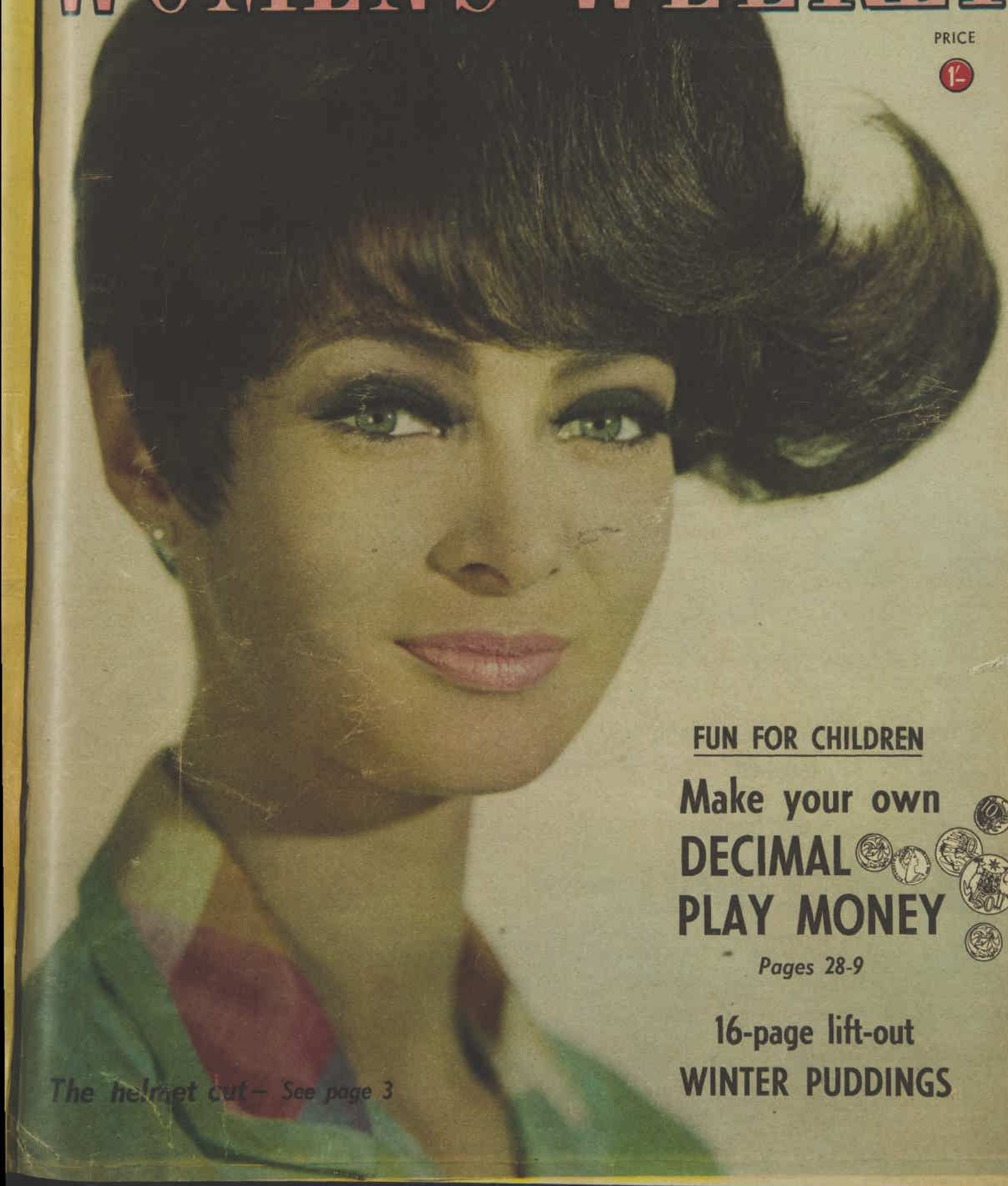
The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

7320-21

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE 1/-



FUN FOR CHILDREN

Make your own DECIMAL PLAY MONEY

Pages 28-9

16-page lift-out WINTER PUDDINGS

The helmet cut— See page 3

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919467



...but work clothes made from new, tougher

Red Label Quality

BRADMILL DRILL

MERCERISED COMMANDO FINISH

Everyone who's ever bought work clothes knows the name 'Red Label Bradmill Drill.' Why? Because it was the best drill money could buy. Only the best work clothes were made from it. Then why new Commando Finish Red Label Drill? Because it's even better!

Better tear strength
Better resistance to abrasion
Better retention of colour
Better, softer handle
Better to wash and iron
Better appearance after washing

And, of course, it's a Sanforized fabric

If you knew how good ordinary Red Label Drill was, Bradmill's New Matt-Mercerised Commando Finish Red Label Drill will astonish you! So make sure everything you buy in the way of work clothes has this guarantee of quality on the label.-Red Label Quality Bradmill Drill Mercerised Commando Finish.

*TRADE MARK OF BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS. BB1644

The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 400F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JUNE 9, 1965 — Vol. 33, No. 2

CONTENTS

Special Features
Decimal Coins — To Play With . 28, 29
"THE SAVOY" — Story of a Great Hotel 31
Gardening: Liliums . . . 42, 43
WINTER PUDDINGS . Centre lift-out

Fiction
The Balloon Man, *Dorothy Cooper* . 17
The Gift, *R. M. Marsland* . . . 18
The Sound of His Laughter, *Susan Shea* 19
One Housekeeper Too Many, *Norah Smaridge* 21

Fashion
Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* 45
Needlework Notions 50
Fashion Frocks 53
Butterick Patterns 63

Family Affairs
Collectors' Corner, Transfer . . . 41
How Strict Should Parents Be? . . 47
Prize Recipe, Home Hints . . . 49
At Home *with Margaret Sydney* . 53
Be Your Own Handyman . . . 55

Regular Features
Social 10, 11
TV Parade 15
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain . . . 23
Beautiful Australia 27
Stars 44
Teenagers' Weekly 59-62
Mandrake, Crossword 63

WORTH REPORTING

ALONG with everyone else, we love money. But like many people, we hate calculating it.

What a boon if we could be schoolchildren now, facing the simplicity of decimal-currency sums instead of the cumbersome old 20s for shillings, 12s for pence, plus the hazards of halfpennies and guineas.

If we were under-12s we would leap on the decimal game we devised for children (see pages 28, 29).

The only sums that have ever come easy to us concern clothes. It was our hearing, not our maths, at fault in a recent issue when we said the ocelot hat Googie Withers wears in the play *Beekman Place* cost £446.

Eric Rogers, who made Googie's clothes for the play, says he was proud of doing the entire wardrobe for £446.

Do you claim that YOU are mathematically minded? Ponder this information sent us by Victorian reader Miss Ruth Baird, of Black Rock:

"If you take a number and square it, the answer plus the number doubled, plus one, will equal the answer to the next number squared.

"For example:
106 × 106 = 11236
11236 + 106 + 106 + 1 = 11449
107 × 107 = 11449."

OUR COVER

● *The girl in the winged-helmet hairdo is Sydney model Rosalie Wattel. She is 21, dances jazz ballet to keep her figure trim, and plans to leave later this year to try her luck at modelling in London, Paris, and New York. Picture is by David Hewson.*

Jan's job in London



A NEW job awaits Jan Taylor, 22 (above), Miss Australia 1964, when she reaches London next month.

Jan will work for the News and Information Bureau at Australia House, and share a flat in London with three other girls.

Flatting will be a new experience for Jan, who has always lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Taylor, at Hamilton, Qld.

"I hear the flat is very nice," Jan said. "We are all good friends, and it should work out very well."

She hopes to work in London for about a year and to spend another six months seeing Europe.

"I have relatives in Dublin, and might spend Christmas with them," Jan said.

"I have many acquaintances from my Miss Australia tour and I hope to look some of them up. But there are so many dotted here and there all through Europe that if I looked them all up it would take me ten years."

Jan had only a few hours in Scotland, and hopes to see more of the country this time.

"I don't think I'd like to see the Midlands again, though," she said. "It seemed so dreary."

Death of Mary Coles

IT is with great sadness that we report the death of Mary Coles, who had been a member of our staff for 30 years.

She was known both through her work and personally to thousands of our readers, for she had worked in our Adelaide, Brisbane, and Melbourne offices before joining head office in Sydney.

For some years Mary had struggled against ill-health, but her unquenchable spirit was of a kind rarely encountered.

She was working until a few days before her death in hospital, and, indeed, on the day she died our assignment book still carried her name.

Mary had a warmth and integrity that shone through in her writing, and she retained always the enthusiasm for life and for her work that we remember when she joined our staff, a pretty, blue-eyed girl, in 1935.

—THE EDITOR

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919468

Start with the HELMET CUT

... a tailored hairstyle that is deeply fringed and taper-cut, with wispy ends at back and sides.

DESIGNED by Sydney hairdresser Alexander, the helmet shows the newest hair length in the field of high-fashion hairstyling.

The look is small, smooth, and sophisticated. The helmet cut is easy to manage, needs hardly any setting, and holds shape well between sets.

Our eye-catching cover hairdo — a widely different version of the basic helmet shape for glamor occasions — has a "wing" of false hair on one side.

The "forward" style at right relies on an added curly topknot for height, is cut short at the back.





HIGH AND CLEAR-BROWED, with forward open curls and cut short at the nape, "My Lady '65" is Alexander's name for the jewelled evening hairstyle (above). Hair is hardly teased at all, but it is a bit intricate to put on a hairpiece, comb out, and arrange, so you may need the helping hand of an expert. But special-occasion results are always well worth the extra trouble.

SLEEK AS A SEAL all over, the true helmet shape (left) gives a young shapeliness to the head and does pretty things to the wearer. The rounded fringe and slightly lifted crown is still a fashion note; the weight of the fringe and wispy ends on the cheeks has a forward effect and balances the line from crown to nape. Lots of brushing helps keep the set breeze-worthy.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919469

THE KING'S SCHOOL GETS ITS FIRST "OLD GIRLS"



GIRL STUDENTS (the first at The King's School) are helped by the boys to "move in" to the Houses, which blend with the beautiful bush-setting of Australia's most historical boys' school (King's), which was recently moved to its present site.



HIGH-HEELED shoes were removed after a long day by Pamela Freer (above). At right, girl students unpack in "their" dormitory.



HER step was jaunty, as if she marched to the sound of fifes. Down the broad bush-track, between tall gums on sentry-go, she went swinging—wind-blown hair swinging, fashionable little jacket swinging, and a wad of stockings swinging in her hand, all rimmed with light from the westering sun. She was very young, very pretty, very feminine — and barefoot.

She was enough to make the Founding Fathers of The King's School, Parramatta, N.S.W., turn in their graves.

She'd have made a few present-day King's housemasters choke over their port, too, only they were happily absent on vacation.

Some of them had taken a bit of convincing about the Residential History Conference begun that morning at the 133-year-old school on its magnificent new site. After all, it meant giving over their Houses, not only to strangers, but to females!

And not only females but, by George, *clever* females — top history students in their final school-year from Queensland, N.S.W., and the A.C.T. — and all so earnest about History that they'd chosen this odd way to spend a week of a perfectly good vacation.

Shades of blue-stockinged suffragettes brandishing umbrellas must have haunted the housemasters' dreams as D-Day, May 17, drew closer.

Now it was here — and so was the reality — 130 of the most charming and natural and feminine young females ever gathered together in a single place.

Sixty-four strapping young Australian male students, also drawn from the three States, obviously thought so. And ten senior King's boys, who had gallantly given up this week to act as "staff," were playing host with visible relish.

All was set fair. The sun shone. The blue sky smiled. So did the Rev. H. W. Baker, chaplain and history master of King's, organiser (and heart and soul) of the Conference. So did the little group of history teachers, private school and State, Catholic and Protestant, male and female, who had gathered here to act as House mothers and fathers.

Over all, that first morning, lay a free, happy holiday air.

Around 2 p.m., from the beautiful new assembly room, Futter Hall, there came floating the sound of — was it? — could it be? — yes — unmistakably — the Beatles!

I looked a little doubtfully at the solid academic program of lectures and discussion — at 9.30 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 2 p.m., 4 p.m., 7.30 p.m., day after day, night after night, for a solid week.

In Futter Hall the Beatles yielded to Peter, Paul, and Mary. I read some of the topics. Even this Arrival Day had its quota:

04.00 p.m. "The Social Anthropologist and the Historian. Is there a Meeting-Place?"

07.30 p.m. "The Development of the City in the Ancient World, from the Archaeological Evidence."

A few later topics at random:

"Men, Machines, and Freedom." "Our Debt to the Mesopotamian Valley." "Historians' Disputes on the European Industrial Revolution." "The Rise of Hitler and his Consolidation of Power." "Interpretations of the Gold Rushes by Australian Historians." "De Gaulle in the French Political Tradition," "Problems of Government in the 1960s."

The list of lecturers (all, like every other adult associated with the Conference, giving their services free) had a formidable air — Professors, Doctors of Philosophy, Masters of Arts.

"Phew," said our photographer Don Cameron, looking at the list over my shoulder. "They'll be up against it."

Warm, witty

I knew what he meant. These learned discourses and the teenage girls and boys waiting in the Hall for their official welcome (the Beatles were winning the Battle of the Sounds) seemed worlds apart.

But when, a little later, King's young headmaster rose to speak, an air quietly grave and courteous settled over the young listeners.

Mr. S. W. Kurrle's speech, warmly witty, drew frequent laughter, but also set the tone of the Conference.

He amplified its objectives, as laid down in the brochure sent to the schools: "To give the students, who are all leaders at Leaving Certificate level in their States, a standard of teaching similar to that achieved at recent science schools . . . introduce them to university ways of teaching and study . . . and generally raise the standard of history work in schools."

It was an attempt to extend the school year, which is too short, especially for honors students. It would give them experience and guidance in reading, working, and thinking independently. It would encourage them to think of history, "not as something in a book to be learned but as a method of interpreting events."

It would give top students a new level of competition. Every statement they might make in discussion would be "pounced on and chewed up, and this is good." And such discussion could rage on long after the lectures were over — at meals, in the grounds, in the dormitories.

"Furthermore," added Mr. Kurrle with gentle fire, "this Conference will show people that other subjects are taught in N.S.W. besides Science. In that sense, it is almost a crusade."

Vehement applause. The shade of Professor Harry Messel trembled. At long last, it seemed, the Humanities were fighting back!

(Toward the end of the Conference, Professor J. M. Ward, of Sydney University, was to continue the offensive. So many schools, he said, felt compelled to provide such costly facilities for Science that they made inadequate provision of libraries and teaching aids for the Humanities.

Yet . . . "the triumphs of science may become so many signposts to disaster unless mankind improves his own knowledge of himself . . .

"Our most fundamental problem has been the widening gap that has separated man as a technologist and scientist from man as a rational, civilised, thinking, political, and social being.")

On a less exalted level, I questioned students and teachers that first day on the prevailing attitude to Science versus the Humanities. Might it help to explain, I wondered, why girls at the Conference outnumbered boys by two to one?

The consensus of opinion was emphatically yes. History was considered, said many, to be "useless." "Unmasculine," said others, and that wasn't always the word they used.

One master said that if this were a Science School, the boys would be here in droves. Their parents would send them in droves.

All this seemed to reveal a great deal about Australian



MORNING-TEA BREAK. Rev. H. W. Baker, King's chaplain and history master, and organiser of the Conference, chats with two Sisters of Mercy who were house mothers for the Conference.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919470

History Conference for boys AND girls

attitudes to education, with "use" as the yardstick.

I pursued the subject. I accosted John Ferry and Ian McDonald, of Sydney Boys' High School.

"What," said I earnestly, "do you think about the girls here outnumbering the boys by two to one?"

Broad grins. "We think it's BEAUT," said Ian.

Fair enough. I had led with my chin.

Don Cameron, the photographer, was eavesdropping. "Told you they would be up against it," grinned Don, and I knew what he meant.

It was nearly four. The students were hastening back to their temporary Houses to prepare for the first lecture. The sun was low over the tall gums beside the broad bush-track, down below Futter Hall.

Don made a noise in his throat that could have been "Eureka!" He had spotted the barefoot girl.

Pamela Freer, of St. Catherine's, Waverley, N.S.W., identified and explained herself. It had been a long day in those fashionable high heels and so, quite naturally, quite unselfconsciously, she had slipped off her shoes.

We were both glad she had. She had given Don a picture that captured the whole spirit of this day — bush - setting, venerable school, youth, spontaneity.

Now other assignments called us both away. We'd have to wait till tomorrow to see whether this bunch of healthy teenagers would really care a hoot if the Social Anthropologist and the Historian never met.

And there were other, deeper questions. Would young Australians, notoriously unused to thinking and speaking on their feet, actually participate in the discussions?

They were products of an examination-ridden system and they stood in the shadow of the most vital examination of their lives so far. Could they be persuaded that it would pay to think independently?

Hadn't the safe way always been to swot up those set textbooks and the school-teachers' notes and feed it all back dutifully in the examination room?

Could they really be induced, at this late hour, to accept the revolutionary concept that History is "not something in a book to be learned" but "a method of interpreting events"?

By KAY KEAVNEY

Next morning, King's "staff boy" Lew Lancaster had an encouraging bulletin. Yes, some of the students had asked questions. And afterwards in the Houses both girls' and boys', some had thrashed out the topics for hours.

Personally he'd been too busy helping Mr. Baker chase up extra blankets for some shivering Queenslanders. But Lew believed in the Conference and believed it was going to work.

Half an hour later in Futter Hall, Mr. Baker, obviously a clerical Pied Piper, introduced the lecturer.

The topic was piquant: *"How to Forge a Medieval Manuscript."*

"At risk," began Dr. R. I. Jack, of Sydney University, deadpan and very Scots, "of turning this respectable institution into a School for Scandal—" and launched into a scholarly paper on medieval manuscripts, cleverly and wittily disguised as an incitement to forge same.

Then it was question-and-discussion time.

To my surprise, the boys, on the whole, spoke more confidently than the girls. And on the whole, the questioning was disappointing.

The young students seemed to have missed the point, that the "forging" angle was only a device. One young girl actually asked an earnest question about how to forge a modern pound note!

But morning tea break was wonderful. Groups of students in their colorful casuals stood about in the pale sunshine talking their heads off.

And what a cross-section they were! Convent School, Protestant School, State School, Undenominational School, Co-ed School, and you couldn't tell where any of them came from.

An emphatic group gathered round young Brother Barry, of St. Joseph's, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

The talk was good, about history and life and death and why we're here and how we got here, and the group swelled to a little crowd and then it was time to go back to the Hall to hear lecturer Mr. K. J. Cable, of Sydney University, on a potentially ticklish subject: *"The Reformation in English History."*

Potentially ticklish before this young "mixed" audience. But the results were a quiet triumph for scholarship. The lecturer was impartial, dispassionate.

Intently, the students listened. When the questions came, they were remarkably free of sectarian prejudice.

In a small way, the session confirmed Professor Ward's definition of the role of the Humanities — to "improve man's knowledge of himself"—to develop man as a "rational, civilised, thinking, political, and social being."

And already the students' confidence was growing. Their questions were more penetrating, more to the point. It looked as if Lew Lancaster was right. The Conference would work.

On the Wednesday night it moved into top gear. The subject was Hitler, the lecturer Dr. F. G. Stambrook, brilliant and informal, in love with History, and obviously no "square."

A very happy Mr. Baker had to close the session when discussion threatened to rage until dawn.

But all work and no play . . . On Thursday night, various selected young males turned up to make the numbers even, and the "Easy-Beats" moved in on King's.

(Said Mr. Baker with his widest grin, "The nearest thing to it I ever heard was the sound of battle.")

The students and friends danced away the night. And then it was Friday. Departure Day.

The scheduled topic for 09.30 a.m. was *"Problems of Government in the 1960s."* It was a bit much after a late night, but all young people are resilient, and these ones were certainly game. They were all there in the hall—well, almost on time.

The scheduled speaker, Professor Douglas MacCullum, was ill. Dr. Stambrook had rallied to the emergency. Nearly 200-strong, they greeted him like a fan-club. But first Mr. Baker spoke to them about *"Careers for People Who Read History."*

He talked from the vantage point of a long life as a teacher, a life among the young, a life he loved. Any career you may undertake, he told them, will be the better for a knowledge of history, better for your knowledge of the history of your craft, better for the method that a study of history teaches, better for the sense of completeness it gives, better for the selectivity it demands.

"You will be better citizens for the knowledge of what has brought the world to its present pass. You can curse my generation for it if you like, but you'll be better equipped to deal with it.

"Never forget that you don't just educate a brain—it's the whole person that lives, works, thinks, and operates . . ."

They gave him an ovation. And then Dr. Stambrook wandered amiably up to the platform, took off his coat, and offered them a range of topics (to be handled extempore) which left me breathless.

The verdict was nearly unanimous. *"Causes of the First World War,"* cried students from all over Futter Hall.

"You know, I was afraid you might say that," said Dr. Stambrook, and proceeded to oblige without blinking an eye.

He walked about the platform, hands in pockets, hands out, rocking on heels, turning on heel, forefinger oc-

Continued on page 7



SENIOR King's student Tony Waugh plays host to Helen Verstak, of Manly High School, sister of international beauty Tania, and Jennie Bond (right), of P.L.C. Croydon, outside Futter Hall.







STUDENTS, both girls and boys, from Sydney schools arrive at King's. A hired bus was pressed into service because the School bus had broken down. At right, intent young students at a lecture.

IN FUTTER HALL 194 girls and boys hear Dr. R. I. Jack lecture on "How to Forge a Medieval Manuscript." The King's School headmaster, Mr. S. W. Kurrle, is in the Chair.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919471



Who uses more Johnson's? Babies or grown-ups?

Grown-ups do. They sprinkle Johnson's on after the shower, to absorb moisture, and keep their skin cool and fresh. (It's about the nicest thing grown-ups ever learned from babies.)

Johnson & Johnson Best for baby, best for you.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919472

Flying fish!



GUS the Groper being uncrated. He was caught by a spearfisherman off Queensland's Gold Coast.

"MAGNIFICENTLY ugly, isn't he!" said Geoff Goadby, manager of Manly's Marineland, Sydney, eyeing his latest acquisition fondly.

"Rather like a great bulldog, don't you think?"

The "bulldog" was Gus (alias Tiny) the Groper—5ft., 200lb., and almost middle-aged.

Gus flew to Sydney, air-freight, in a water-filled plastic bag (through which oxygen was bubbled) in a padded crate. He was captured on Queensland's Gold Coast, and arrived, after seven hours out of the water, "as fit as a fiddle."

"He likes nothing better than to swim over to the aquarium window, choose some unsuspecting visitor, and then proceed to outstare him," said Mr. Goadby.

According to Mr. Goadby, himself a keen spearfisherman in his spare time, the likes of Gus are feared even more than sharks by native divers in the north.

"They have been known to bite a man clean in halves," he explained, "and when they're not doing that they're busy mesmerising smaller fish or such delicacies as mud crabs.

"Having mesmerised their prey, they sweep them down their throats whole, like a vacuum cleaner.

"A magnificent sight for a skindiver, though, is to see one move to the surface of the water like a submarine.

"It is, in fact, this slow, submarine-like movement of the groper that accounts for his gradual dying-out. He is an easy target for spearfishermen."

Meanwhile, Gus (Mr. Goadby believes he is at least 50 years old) just swims about in Marineland and stares and stares . . .

THE KING'S SCHOOL GETS "OLD GIRLS"

Continued from page 5

casionally stabbing to emphasise a point. Their eyes never left him. I was moved to reflect that inside every successful teacher an actor is struggling to get out.

While he talked, textbooks tumbled. Cherished simplifications were ground beneath his heel. History wasn't "something in a book to be learned." It was a "method of interpreting events." As such it was open to many interpretations.

Dr. Stambrook touched on quite a few of them, and added his own.

At discussion-time the students fought back. It was downright exciting. They demanded that he define and re-define. They stood up for their textbook theories.

"Wouldn't you agree," and "Isn't it accepted" flew thick and fast.

He loved every minute of it. So did Mr. Baker, who had to apply the gag so that we could all go to lunch.

"Some of their questions rocked me," Dr. Stambrook said later. "They're really on the ball."

We were walking back to the Hall for the final Sum-up Session. Mr. T. Brewis, history master at "Shore," North Sydney, who'd been acting as house father, and Teachers' College lecturer Mr. Mitchell, joined us.

"Well," said Dr. Stambrook, "there'll be a few disconcerted teachers when they get back to school."

"But do you think the students will dare to adopt this approach in the big exams," I wondered.

He laughed. "People with this approach will be marking their papers," he said. "We want them to think, and question and interpret. We don't want a regurgitation of over-simplified facts."

Mr. Mitchell added that many teachers would have to be converted, and many parents, too.

Discussions

And Mr. Brewis gave me a fascinating insight into what the students under his care talked about in the dormitories after lectures.

Pyjama-ed teenager boys had debated the nature of democracy, of freedom. "They're beginning to look at the problems of existence. They're not too well-equipped to do it, but they're wanting to."

"What about national service?"

"It hardly came up," said Mr. Brewis. "But they were continually discussing political theory, and where religion fits in. Mostly, in fact, they talked about religion."

This surprising fact was confirmed by the students I talked to on that last day, girls and boys alike.

Religion, not in the sectarian but the philosophical sense—as a way of life, as an insight into the meaning of life—was easily the main topic of discussion "out of school."

So to the Sum-up Session. Assessment time. Time for this year's Conference to offer criticisms and advice for future Conferences. Clearly everyone wanted future Conferences. Clearly this one had been an unqualified success.

Geoff Hasler, of Chatswood High School, spoke for everyone in a graceful little speech of thanks — to the School, to its Head, to Mr. Baker, the lecturers, the House fathers and mothers, and the Conference at large.

"It's stimulated real thought," said Geoff. "It's helped us towards tolerance, hearing such diverse ideas and opinions, both from the platform and among ourselves. We've formed friendships, and some will last for life.

"We've learnt not to want to be spoon-fed, not to follow the textbook blindly. It's increased our insight into all aspects of life."

The students applauded wildly. The adults behind the Conference smiled. And well they might. This was what the Conference was all about. This was what the study of History was all about. This was its philosophy and its justification.

And Virginia Rossi, of Loreto Convent, Kirribilli, spoke for everyone, but especially for the girls. Her little speech would have warmed the hearts of those absent housemasters . . .

"Thank you for letting us come here," said Virginia. "I think this is the most beautiful school I've ever seen. And in the future I shall be saying, very proudly, 'I am an old girl of The King's School'."

BRIDGET MAGINN ("Stitch It With Bridget"), whose dressmaking classes are famous across the U.S.A., will arrive next month for a lecture tour sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly and Butterick Patterns.

Miss Maginn's lectures will take place at Farmer and Co. Ltd., Sydney, from July 12-16 inclusive, and fashion parades associated with the lectures will be staged daily. The afternoon lectures will be of special interest to domestic-science students from secondary schools and high schools. Times are:

LECTURES: 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily in Rose Room Restaurant. PARADES: 1.15 p.m., Fabrics Dept., 1st Floor. BOOKINGS: Free tickets for entire series of lectures available from July 7. No phone calls or written reservations. Tickets can be obtained from Pattern Dept., 1st Floor. Miss Maginn will also give a series of five TV lectures. Details will be announced later.

NEXT WEEK

● Telling character from handwriting can be a most fascinating hobby — or an absorbing study. For example, let's say that you are . . .



- *Excitable*
- *Destructive*
- *Modest, or*
- *Careless*

WATCH OUT — because hand-writing Tells All! You'll discover how to identify people's personality traits in our

Sixteen-page lift-out

HOW TO ANALYSE HAND-WRITING

And:

★ Our new two-part serial is full of humor and horror, chills and child psychology . . . so don't miss the first long instalment of

"Uncle Sylvester"

— it's condensed from the absorbing novel "Let's Kill Uncle," by Canadian author Rohan O'Grady.

And:



★ How do you like the . . .

TASTE OF HONEY?

. . . you'll *love* it in our sweet and savory and delicious dishes.

And:

Wh-o-o-o-sh!

★ Fashion has gone into orbit.

Paris "budget" shops are starring styles with a science-fiction air — and you'll see them in

SPACE-AGE FASHIONS



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919473

DATE WITH JAMES BOND

A midnight rendezvous in Nassau with Sean Connery amid the gore and gorgeous girls of *Thunderball*, his third film as James Bond



HANDSOME Scottish actor Sean Connery and his wife, Australian actress Diane Cilento, have fun between takes on the **Thunderball** *set in Nassau.*

LETHARGIC in captivity, seven sharks circled the private swimming pool. A group of richly dressed guests watched their host, co-producer Kevin McClory, try to liven them up by grabbing a tail fin as it passed his deck chair.

They gasped as he missed and nearly slipped into the water.

It was the only excitement of the evening, so far—and it was nearly midnight.

Wearing my pink satin identification tag marked Thunderball (without which even the camera crew could not get on to location at the luxury villa "Rock Point"), I waited for James Bond to keep our appointment.

It was for midnight, and even the Nassau moon declined to rise until the man of the hour appeared.

Everything had the unreality of a Bond film.

To contact Sean Connery I'd had to top the highest peak of idiocy by asking the telephone operator at my hotel: "Garden of Eden, please?"

Her reply was a serious, "Do you know the number?" She was bewildered when I burst out laughing.

But Nassau is like that.

To avoid the overwhelming attentions of fans, Sean had to leave his hotel and take a cottage on a beachside estate called Garden of Eden. There he and his wife, Diane Cilento, her daughter, Giovanna, their son, Jason, and the nannie could be the Connery family for the few non-working hours of each sun-drenched day.

Diane seldom emerged from the estate except to play a round of golf with Sean at a private club. Otherwise, she and the children sunbaked on Love Beach (where Sean shot his first love scenes with French star Claudine Auger), swam, surf-skied, and skin-dived, and played a casual version of keeping house for screenland's most desirable male.

Diane had taken a great deal of nonsense in her stride in the previous few weeks and kept her good Aussie sense of humor about the rumor that she and Sean were breaking up.



MYSTERY BOAT in the film. It turns into a hydrofoil that skims the water at 95 m.p.h., can carry hydrogen bombs, and is an armory for villain Largo, head of SPECTRE.

Mobbed by fans

On Sean's first motor-boat location several hundred yards off shore, he was about to begin a scene when director Terence Young called, "Hold it."

All round the boat, treading water and apparently oblivious of sharks and barracudas, were more than 200 young fans.

"Speak to us," called one young girl passionately to Sean. "You're our leader and we're your people."

Wherever Sean is filming as Bond there is always a line-up of "Bond Girls," in various stages of alluring undress, draped round his torso.

Thunderball has French Claudine Auger, an auburn-haired, 23-year-old siren, playing Domino; Italian Luciana Paluzzi as Bond's adversary; Martine Beswick, a former Miss Jamaica . . . enough to make any wife feel faint.

Diane is too much of an actress to take such things seriously.

She happily made the appointment for me to meet Sean at "Rock Point" and went back to her swimming.

"I might come with him, and if I do we can talk," she said. "But it's his film and I hate watching shooting.

"Don't get there before midnight —nothing will be happening.

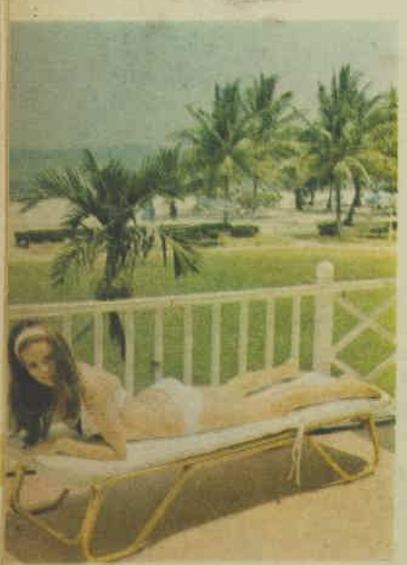
"Nothing much after, either, if you ask me."

I thought how many thousands of young women in Nassau would give their perfect suntans to see five minutes of what Diane was calling "nothing."

Still the sharks circled.

"They're not really all that





FILM BEAUTIES. Above, Paula, a girl agent helping James Bond, is captured by SPECTRE frogmen. Paula is played by Martine Beswick, who was one of the gipsies in **From Russia With Love.** *LEFT: Claudine Auger, a former Miss France, who plays Bond's faithful helpmate. RIGHT: Bond's female adversary, played by Italian Luciana Paluzzi.*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919474



GORE GALORE. In his first scuffle, agent James Bond is shot. It is the first sign of blood in* Thunderball, *which concerns the foiling of Largo's plan to get £100,000,000 ransom in diamonds for not dropping hydrogen bombs.



REHEARSING for his rescue by helicopter from an underwater cave, Sean Connery is helped aboard by Rik Van Nutter (husband of Anita Ekberg), who plays Bond's American counterpart.

AGENT 007 and enemy agent Luciana (below). Little does he know that her lipstick is poisoned, that her kiss will kill. (P.S.: Of course, it doesn't.)



fierce," said a quiet English voice behind me. "We all got in there yesterday and no one was hurt."

It was the director of *Dr. No, From Russia With Love*, and now *Thunderball*.

Terence Young is so mild, unassuming, and calm that it is hard to connect him with an Ian Fleming book, even if read in slippers by the fire.

"Sorry you had to go through all that MI5 business at the gate. But we have to keep them out. The first night's shooting, the whole island turned up to see the fun. I couldn't point the camera at Sean without getting a crowd scene.

"Can't afford to hold up the schedule on a film costing about two million sterling. Anyway, Sean is supposed to save his strength for the sharks and the girls."

There was an appreciative, mocking chuckle behind us and out of the garden palms came a black-clothed figure.

"Welcome to the Bahamas, Betty," said the smooth Scots brogue which has earned £23,000,000 sterling in the space of three films.

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

Apart from a slight preoccupation with time (Sean Connery is a punctual, hard-working actor), he was no different from the gracious easy-going host he is at home.

He had then been working three nights right through until dawn, and was tired enough to yawn.

"Sorry, that wasn't directed at you. But we have a pretty solid time. All these underwater battles take it out of you even if a stand-in does some of the rehearsing.

"Then we've had the scenes when I have to be yanked out of an underwater cave by a helicopter and reeled up on the end of a long steel rope.

"The chases are a bit rugged, too. And the two nights when we had to shoot the street festival. Tonight is a bit dull for you, I'm afraid—just a chase around the pool and a jump from the roof.

"As far as I know there's not a shot to be fired."

I said I could wait until the preview.

"Yes, I bet," he said. "We all could.

"I'm enjoying it here, though. It's great for the kids to get some real sun. Diane is loving it. The golf course is great.

"The best thing of all is working with Terry again. He's my favorite director. Never any fuss." (A look at his watch.)

"Look, love, I've got to get changed. Come on up and find a comfortable spot. You'll be here for hours."

The house was a magnificent white-washed villa around three sides of a luxurious swimming pool.

This pool had a sinister steel venetian blind which, in one scene, closes hermetically over the water to drown Bond or force him through a tunnel to the sharks' pool.

"I don't remember that in the book," I said to Terry while we waited for Sean to change for the next take.

"Oh, now. Every Bond picture gets less and less Fleming and more and more fantastic. Poor man wouldn't recognise this one.

"Apparently the barracuda battle out at sea was not enough. But don't worry, you get that, too. And the underwater battle between the SPECTRE baddies and the Bond goodies is all there for a gory climax."

Suddenly a dozen arc lights flashed on and Sean emerged from his dressing-room.

"Don't be surprised if the crew's a bit quieter than usual tonight," said Terry as he left me. "The owners of the house are trying to sleep in there."

He pointed to the central building.

Up on the roof a stand-in was padding down the steeply sloping ridges and posing for a big jump.

A barrage of light was hitting the windows like a thousand suns—but the blinds were tightly drawn.

Italian character actor Adolfo Celi, who plays the villain Largo, was rehearsing his exits through the front door in absolute silence.

The crew rolled cameras back and fourth on soundless tracks. Prop men moved the water in the pool to keep the light reflections flickering on the outer walls of the bedroom.

The farce seemed complete when Sean began to grapple with a SPECTRE, heavy in what looked like a deathly stranglehold, and not even a grunt escaped them.

In between shots all the actors fell on to lounges around the pool and tried to rest their burnt-out eyes from the blazing lights.

In three hours' shooting, no one spoke above a whisper.

As I tottered off to grab myself a shut-eye before catching the morning plane for London, it occurred to me that however rowdy and hair-raising the jump-off-the-roof scene turned out on screen I should always view it in silence.

And behind the screen I shall always imagine a pair of sleeping figures unmindful of the latest Bond slaughter being enacted only a few feet over their heads.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919475



a glass of sparkling invigorating

SAL VITAL

before that early morning "cuppa"

It's a happy way to start the morning — with a glass of sparkling, invigorating Sal Vital. Bubbling with health and vitality, pleasant-tasting Sal Vital freshens the palate . . . tones-up the system . . . puts you on top right from the start. Drink tangy, lemon-flavoured Sal Vital first thing each morning and anytime during the day. Right for the children, too!

SAL VITAL *refreshing to the last sparkling drop*



Available in specially packed, air-tight, 12 oz. tins from your chemist or store — only **4/11**

A PRODUCT OF DRUG HOUSES OF AUSTRALIA
SP22

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

WHAT a delightful idea thought up by members of the Golden Committee to transform the ballroom for their ball on July 16 into a glade of daffodils.

Committee members estimate they'll need at least a thousand blooms and, working under their president, Lady Barwick, they have arranged working parties two or three times a week, for the next six weeks, to make the flowers.

The decor is based on the lines from William Wordsworth's poem,

When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils.

and women guests have been asked to wear ball gowns ranging in colors from white and cream to yellow and gold, to add to the effect.

Proceeds from the ball, to be held at the Wentworth Hotel, will go to the N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

★ ★ ★

BUSY round of farewell parties for Professor and Mrs. J. M. H. Salmon and their four children, who'll return to live in New Zealand after a four-year stay in Sydney. Professor Salmon has been appointed Dean of Humanities at Waikato University, Hamilton. The Salmons will live on a farm in Hamilton, where Mrs. Salmon plans to keep horses and breed pigs.

★ ★ ★

FERNLEIGH CASTLE will be the setting for the reception following the wedding of Christine Carroll and William Odillo-Maher at Riverview Chapel on June 5. Christine will have Jan McCowan as bridesmaid with William's brother, Adrian, as best man, and his niece, Penny Boorne, as flowergirl.

★ ★ ★

THOUGHT how charming and elegant Doris Fitton looked in her full-length ball gown of tobacco shantung and creamy white georgette. Her long shantung skirt was offset by a top of softly pleated georgette with a tobacco bow at the neckline providing the perfect finishing touch.

★ ★ ★

HEAR that Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Folkard are back from their honeymoon in Queensland, where they stayed at Hayman Island and visited Mr. and Mrs. Alan Shannon on their property, "Cardowan," near Mackay. They have made their home on the bridegroom's property, "Wilmslow," at Walwa.

★ ★ ★

MANY of her old school friends from Toorak College will be among the forty young people at Christine Griffith's 21st birthday party which her mother will give for her on June 5 at her home at Albury. House guests for the weekend will be Felicity Hood and her brother, John, who'll come from Malvern, Victoria, and Peter Locke, who'll come from Wagga for the party.

★ ★ ★

HUNDREDS of colored balloons will cover the ceiling of the wardroom at HMAS Watson for the annual mid-winter ball to be held on June 4. Among guests who will be received by the president of the mess, Commander Fred Sherbourne, and officers of the wardroom will be the commanding officer of Watson, Captain Alan Willis, and Mrs. Willis.

QUICK trip to Sydney from Coonamble for Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Gall to meet their daughter, Barbara, who returned by air after a world tour. In the United States Barbara stayed with her brother Tony, who has been working there for six months. Mrs. Gall leaves on July 3 in the Galileo for a five months' trip, from which she will return via America to visit Tony in Los Angeles.

★ ★ ★

MONTH'S holiday in Hong Kong for Mrs. Phillip McGuinness, who leaves by air on June 2 to join her husband, who is already up there on business.

★ ★ ★

A FOUR months' honeymoon trip overseas will follow the marriage on June 5 of Judith Williams and Peter McEnnally, who leave in the Fairstar for England on June 8. When Judith, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Williams, of Avalon Beach, and Peter, the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. McEnnally, of "The Hermitage," The Oaks, via Camden, return, they will live at Middle Harbor.

★ ★ ★

THERE'LL be a Cinderella touch to the pre-wedding dinner party which Mr. and Mrs. Ken Pring will give for Merilyn Martin and Bim Thompson on June 3—the night before their wedding. Following tradition, Merilyn and Bim will leave before midnight so they won't see each other on their wedding day before they meet at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. After their honeymoon they will make their home on "Widden," Kerrabee.

★ ★ ★

DATES for your diary: the luncheon on June 10 at the Hamlet Restaurant arranged by The Knights of Charity ladies' committee; the Golden Years Committee dinner at the Bistro on June 2—proceeds to go to the Old People's Welfare Council.

★ ★ ★

LOOKING forward to a few days' holiday in Honolulu before they start an eight-week business trip are Mr. and Mrs. Reg Robson, of Point Piper, who leave Sydney on June 17. The Robsons will visit the United States before flying on to Europe, where Mrs. Robson is looking forward to seeing her sister, Mrs. Bill Lewis, who left Sydney with her husband six months ago to live in London.

★ ★ ★

VISITOR from America Mrs. Philip Curran (she was Shirley Stott, of Strathfield) is staying at present with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minell, who have just returned from a holiday trip to Canberra and the Snowy River Scheme with their two children, Roderick and Charmaine. When she first arrived in Sydney, Mrs. Curran was the house guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Major and Mrs. Ronald Frank. She will spend two months in Australia.

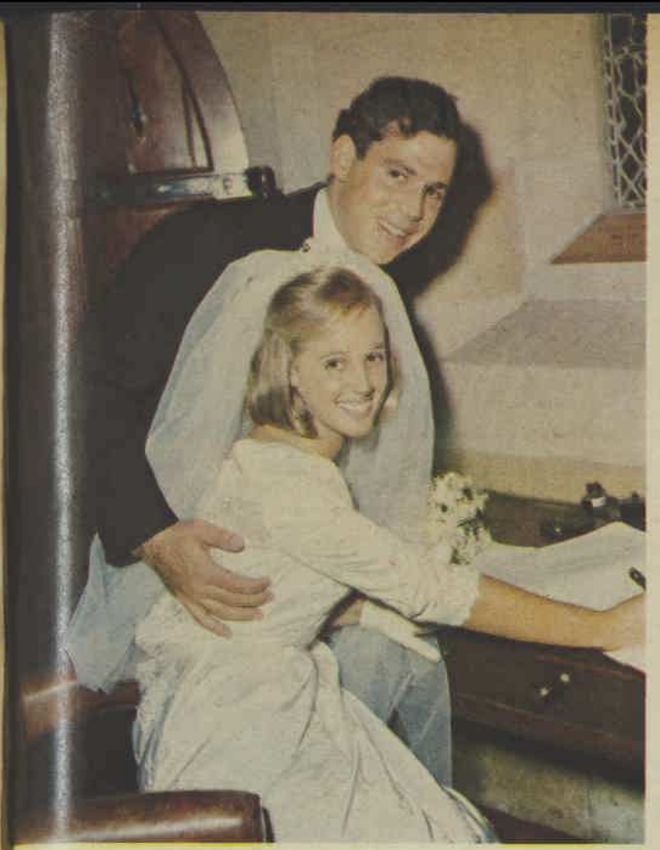


AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Barry Kilby after their marriage at Waverley College Chapel. The bride was formerly Miss Irene Oliver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Oliver, of Telopea. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. M. Kilby, of Bourke, and of the late Mr. Kilby.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell, of "Kundibar," Niangala, leaving the Armidale School Chapel, Armidale, after their marriage. The bride was the former Miss Caroline Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Wright, of "Jeogla" Station, Armidale. The groom is the son of Mrs. A. S. Mitchell, of Warrawee, and the late Mr. Mitchell.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919476



JUST WED. Mr. Hamish Turnbull looked on as his bride signed the register after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride was Miss Carolyn Quist, the daughter of Mr. Adrian Quist, of Point Piper, and of Mrs. J. L. W. Merson, of Clifton Gardens. The bridegroom is the younger son of Senator and Mrs. R. Turnbull, of Launceston, Tasmania.



IN VESTRY. Mr. and Mrs. Rollo Dixon with their attendants (left to right), Miss Norma Tippett, Mrs. William Small, and Miss Elizabeth Wheeler, following their marriage at Wesley Church, Melbourne. The bride was formerly Miss Elaine Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Glen Walker, of Hawthorn, Victoria. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Dixon, of Mosman. A reception was held at Nine Darling Street.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Tony Atherton (left) with Mr. Nicholas Tate and Miss Lynn Rainbow at the Independent Theatre Ball at Menzies Hotel. The guests of honor were Mr. Stefan Haag, executive director of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, and Mrs. Haag.



MELBOURNE WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Philip McDonald at the reception which followed their marriage at St. Augustine's Church, Melbourne. The bride was Miss Gillian Mims, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Mims, of Mentone. The bridegroom is the second son of Sir Charles McDonald, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Sydney, and Lady McDonald.



AT RIGHT: Youthful party at the Sydney Hospital Nurses' Graduation Ball at the Chevron Hilton Hotel included (from left to right) Mr. Peter Kaye, Miss Diana Stolk, Miss Judith Heffernan, and Mr. Graham Murray.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919477

One phone call can win you £1000

Cash- First Prize in the new Osram "NAME THE MYSTERY VOICE" Contest



Ring these numbers

Sydney 29 8595
Newcastle 2 5524
Melbourne 34 9221
Adelaide 23 1107
Brisbane 2 1102
Perth 21 5300
Hobart 3 2555
Launceston 2 1047

Official "Mystery Voice" contest entry forms are waiting at your Osram dealer now! Entering is as easy as dialling the Osram number on your phone*. Then listen to the voice of a world-famous film star, identify him, complete your entry and send it in! You could win £1,000.
Other prizes include a G.E.C. Mastermatic Electric Range for the best entry from each state, plus 100 consolation prizes.

*COUNTRY READERS, listen to your local commercial radio station.

Lots of valuable consolation prizes, too! Get an entry form where you buy Osram Lamps



O for an Osram

G.E.C. OSRAM WW

THE "Q" TAKES TO THE ROAD



● *Packing the van and station wagon are players (above, from left) Ben Gabriel, Ted Hepple, Janice Copland, and Walter Sullivan, with (right) tour manager Glenn Gore-Jones.*



● *A complete picnicking outfit headed the packing list of four Sydney actors who recently set out on the first leg of a six-month, 25,000-mile country tour.*

By JUDE AINSWORTH

BELIEVED to be the longest "barnstorming" tour in Australia's theatrical history, this Arts Council sponsored journey will take in N.S.W., Queensland, the Northern Territory, South Australia, and New Guinea.

Also, for the first time the Arts Council is sponsoring a "package deal." Instead of the usual method of selecting a repertoire of plays and auditioning for actors, the Council hired the sets, props, costumes, and actors for a series of three one-act plays, lock, stock, and barrel, from Sydney's lunchtime theatre, the "Q."

The program is officially called "A Night With the Q."

Actors Walter Sullivan, Ben Gabriel, and Ted Hepple were founding members of the lunchtime theatre and are from its resident company. The fourth performer is Janice Copland, in private life Mrs. Ted Hepple.

Though it seems unusual that both a husband and wife would be lucky enough to win spots on the same tour, producer Ken Hannam insists that only her talent influenced him to pick Janice.

"Fifteen other actresses tried out for the parts, and we kept eliminating them until we picked Jan," he said.

The actors travel in a station wagon, towing their personal luggage, props, set backdrops, and costumes in a van. Glenn Gore-Jones, the Council tour manager, drives the car and manages all business details.

Though she is the leading lady, Janice may well be in for a few button-sewing, collar-turning sessions on the road as the only woman in the company.

"That's *not* in the contract," she said, but she didn't look convinced. She is responsible for the care and packing of the costumes and small props, and the men take care of the furniture and set equipment.

All five of the company share the duties of unpacking, setting up the stage for the performance, and repacking for the next day's journey.

They expect to travel an average of 100 miles a day, with a performance nearly every night. In Queensland and the Territory, the distances will, of course, be greater.

During all this travelling, they expect that hotel and motel food could be boring, as well as disastrously expensive. So they have provided themselves with a complete outdoor - eating basket, ready to grill a steak or slice a salami any time along the road.

The plays will be put on in a variety of places, from movie theatres to town halls to the brand-new civic theatre in Wagga Wagga.

In N.S.W. alone, they will perform in 44 towns with vastly different facilities.

In the early N.S.W. part of the tour — a ten-day shakedown trip to Merriwa, Scone, Tamworth, Gunnedah, Narrabri, Armidale, and Inverell — this variety of venue meant a difference of hours in the preparation for the performance.

"It took us anything from 90 minutes to six hours to set up," said Walter Sullivan. "But only about 45 minutes to pack up."

Exact dates have been fixed for only the N.S.W. portion of the tour.

Broadly, the tour will be in Queensland from July 16 to September 5, with a week in New Guinea in August.

They will play the Territory from September 5 to 25, and travel South Australia from September 27 to the end of October.

The tour may possibly continue to Tasmania.

Three plays

The program will be *The Dock Brief*, by John Mortimer, *The Sponge-room*, by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, and Chekhov's *The Proposal*.

All three of these plays were very successful at the "Q." The absence of the three "regulars" won't affect the schedule at the "Q," as other members of the company will carry on the performances.

Since the "Q" Theatre Group was founded in November, 1963, with £30 capital, none of the six "foundation members" has ever been paid for acting there.

"We've never been able to afford to pay ourselves," Walter Sullivan said. "So this tour is the first time we've drawn a salary for acting with the 'Q'!"



● *Four members of Sydney's "Q" Theatre Group, Walter Sullivan, Janice Copland, Ted Hepple, and Ben Gabriel, with (centre) tour manager Glenn Gore-Jones, who are "barnstorming" through Australia and New Guinea. Janice is Mrs. Ted Hepple.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919478

JOAN SUTHERLAND'S TOUR

Sumptuous feast of opera soon

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

• Joan Sutherland's first professional tour of her homeland, the 14-week visit opening next month, will be Australia's largest and by far its lushest operatic feast.

EVERY one of the seven productions has been created specially for the tour.

Among the 69 singers are 21 international stars, including seven Australians.

The company will appear in Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney, and Brisbane under the musical and artistic direction of Miss Sutherland's husband, Richard Bonynge, himself an Australian.

"We would never have consented to take home the old Puccini or Wagner operas, which everyone has seen so many times and which do not give the audiences a chance to hear the roles that have made Joan famous," Mr. Bonynge told me.

"We have chosen our repertoire with two things in mind: those operas which have become internationally recognised as Sutherland's, and the great *bel canto* 19th-century operas which Australia has not heard."

Bel canto is the art of brilliant and florid operatic singing associated with composers like Bellini and Donizetti.

Mr. Bonynge mentioned his and Joan's almost lifelong study of *bel canto* and said, "Because these operas had not been sung for years, singers forgot that the printed note was only meant as a guide. What brings it to life is the individual variations, ornaments, and cadenzas which must be added prolifically.

"For a big voice like hers it requires years of study before one is able to encompass these great technical feats.

"For a smaller, lighter voice it is a little easier, but, of course, the result is correspondingly smaller."

None of this technique is called for in operas by Wagner, Puccini, and some of their contemporaries.

"But now *bel canto* has wiped the floor with them in America and all over Europe, and receives the greatest audience reaction of all," said Mr. Bonynge. "This is why we want Australia to hear it, too."

He said that in bringing Rossini's *Semiramide* for its first performance in Australia the company were presenting one of the great show-stoppers of the 19th century.



MONICA SINCLAIR, the English singer who has a leading role in Rossini's **Semiramide.**

Melodrama

"It is a good blood-and-guts melodrama built around the story of the famous Queen of Babylon who built the Hanging Gardens. A vicious, scheming, and ambitious woman who murders her husband, falls in love unknowingly with her son, and finally dies protecting him, it is one of the most difficult roles ever written," Mr. Bonynge said.

"Always recognised as one of the biggest *bel canto, bravura* roles of the 19th century, it is completely different in style from all the other works we will be presenting.

ONE of the Bonynges' great personal joys in returning to Australia arises out of their plan to bring their son, Adam.

Now nine years old, and a much-travelled young man, he has not yet seen his parents' homeland.

"It will be great fun to see his first reactions to the country he has heard so much about," say his parents.

"And, of course, a great thrill that at last he will meet his great-grandmother and see his grandparents again."



"Rossini was one of the most exciting composers of the last century.

"He wrote not only as if voices were instruments; he understood and brought out the warmth of their human quality."

Joan Sutherland achieved a resounding success with this role in Milan at La Scala, and later in New York, Boston, and Los Angeles. She will be singing it in Australia before ever having sung it at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Semiramide has always been famous for the duets between the soprano and the coloratura contralto who takes the role of the queen's son, Arsace. In Australia, this role will be sung by Monica Sinclair.

A complete contrast, but another almost unknown opera for Australia, is Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, the story of Amina the sleep-walking maiden, set in the Swiss Alps.

"It is in fact one of my favorite roles because it is so charmingly musical and yet has great *bravura*," says Joan Sutherland.

Lucia again

"The three main roles will be taken in Australia by the same artists who will present it at Covent Garden: myself, Luciano Pavarotti, as Elvino, and the bass Joseph Rouleau as Rodolfo."

This visit will naturally reintroduce Sutherland to her own country in the first role which made her 'internationally feted, that of Lucia in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

"We were warned that there would probably be a riot if we didn't do this," says Sutherland, who has always kept a strong sense of humor about her "dotty ladies," as she calls Lucia and similar roles.

"But, of course, we wanted to bring *Lucia*, because we always feel that we owe it so much. In any case, it is both musically and dramatically exciting and spectacular, so it makes an ideal premiere work."

Perhaps Joan Sutherland's favorite role — and a great acting challenge — is Violetta in Verdi's *La Traviata*, which she will sing with the famous Italian tenor Pavarotti.

"Violetta is one of the great identifying roles of all time," says Sutherland, whose acting was raved over in the New York 1963-64 season by critics who took her superb singing for granted.

"I think it is a great woman's opera because it arouses so much sympathy."

Her letter-reading scene as Violetta moved even some of the usually tough television crew in Bristol.

As a tribute to Dame Nellie Melba, Joan Sutherland will repeat the role she sang for the first time in America this year: that of Marguerite in Gounod's *Faust*.



ABOVE: Joan Sutherland in the famous Mad Scene in* Lucia di Lammermoor *(one of the "dotty lady" roles, as she calls them). On this tour she will sing again in Donizetti's opera, set in Scotland. AT LEFT: With Australian singer Margreta Elkins, an old friend who is also appearing on the tour.

"It was Williamsons', too, who presented this famous Melba season of the 'twenties, and so we feel it is particularly right that we should bring it back through them now," said Mr. Bonynge.

"Also, it is a great melodrama and a very beautiful opera musically," added Miss Sutherland. "It is impossible to resist."

Richard Cross, the American, will sing Mephistopheles; John Alexander, of the New York Metropolitan, will sing Faust; and the Australian Margreta Elkins, who has worked with Sutherland for years (and who appeared as the only other singer in her Australian-produced TCN9 television show), will sing Siebel.

"Wonderful"

There are two operas in which the company's other sopranos will star during the tour. The first is Tchaikovsky's *Eugene Onegin*, which will open with Margreta Elkins as Tatiana and Lauris Elms as Olga.

Miss Elms (yet another Australian) sang with Sutherland in 1958 at Covent Garden in *Samson*, by Handel.



RICHARD BONYNGE

Richard Cross will appear in the title role.

"We chose *Eugene Onegin* for the repertoire because of the beauty of its music, its contrast to the rest of the program, and because it is such a wonderful opera to display the whole company. It is a wonderful theatrical experience," Mr. Bonynge said.

Elizabeth Harwood will star as Adina in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, a grand comedy about a village bumpkin who falls in love with a rich and aristocratic lady.

Miss Harwood is one of England's most popular sopranos. Luciano Pavarotti will appear as Nemorino.

"We especially wanted this opera included in the repertoire because it provides a great tenor role for Pavarotti, and it is such an enchanting comedy to provide relief between the heavier dramatic works," said Richard Bonynge.

On this tour the chorus of 36 and orchestra of 45 will be Australian.

The season opens in Melbourne on July 10. All seven new productions will be presented during the first five weeks, an unprecedented feat for such a company in such a short time.

But the Bonynges are determined that, whenever possible, keen audiences will have a chance to see the company's full repertoire.

They want to make sure that Australians can hear the operas which have taken the world by storm, the great *bel canto* works in which Sutherland has triumphed.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919479

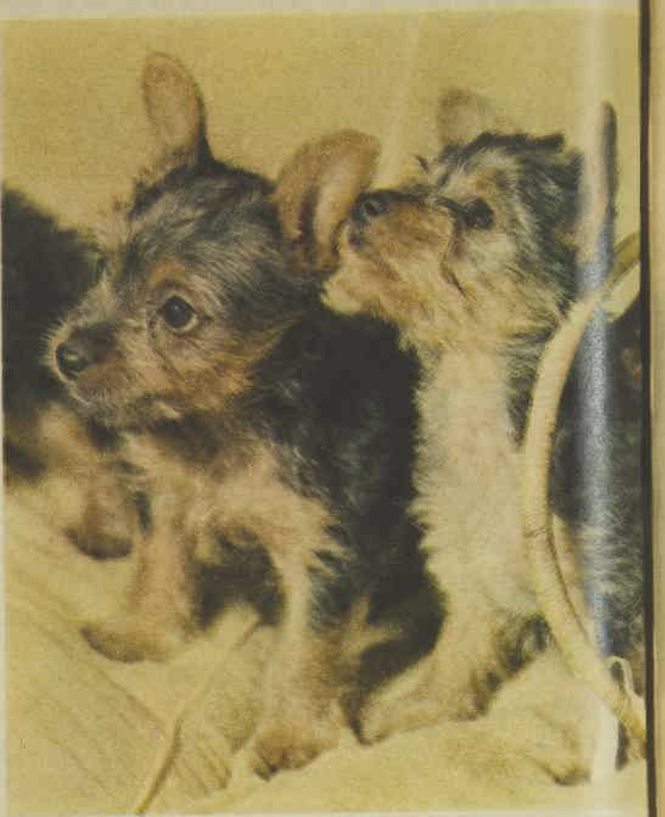
A new lease of life for Julie

● The family of TCN9 singer Bill Newman (he is in Bobby Limb's *Sound of Music* every week) had a worrying time when their Sydney Silky, Julie, was hit by a car. But Julie not only survived . . . she is again the mother of a fine litter.

Television



ACTRESS Eunice Bevege, in private life Mrs. Bill Newman, holds Julie, the Sydney Silky she nursed back to health after hit-run injuries.



PUP-APPEAL. Silky and Jumbo (or is it Jumbo and Debbie?) put on the heart-catching looks appropriate to seven-week-old puppies. Pup No. 3 was camera-shy.

Pictures by staff photographer Barry Cullen.

TWO years ago, Debbie Newman's pet Sydney Silky terrier, Julie, was run over outside her home. The vet said the best thing would be to destroy her.

But Julie survived, through a great deal of love and care, and recently had three female pups.

By MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

Julie's mistress, Debbie Newman, 6, and her sisters, Jenny, 9, and Lynn, 4, are the daughters of TCN9 singer Bill Newman — he is featured each week in Bobby Limb's *Sound of Music* — and his pretty actress wife, Eunice Bevege.

It was Eunice who fought for Julie's life, to save her daughters any more heartache over the prospective loss of a beloved pet.

"Listening to their prayers for her each night and morning while she was at the vet's made me determined to try to save her," Eunice said.

The vet was against it. He said the dog's brain might have been damaged. She had lost the sight of the right eye, and had other injuries.

Eunice said, "I begged him to let me bring her home for a few days, just to see if she'd get better. If she didn't, at least the children might find it easier to understand."

Eunice cleared the small back veranda and lined the lower part of the walls with old mattresses for warmth and protection.

"I don't think she would have done it if I'd been home," said Bill, "but I was in Brisbane for a week.

"For three days Eunice never left Julie's side, bathing her injured eye every hour."

On the fourth day Julie got to her feet and found her way into Debbie's bedroom, something that had been a morning ritual.

In circles

"Her sense of balance was rather shaky," said Eunice.

"It was pathetic — even funny, if we hadn't been so upset about her — because every few feet she would turn around in little circles.

"At first we believed this was due to brain damage, but we found it was due to the sudden confusion of losing her right eyesight.

"We had to restrain her in some ways, but her intelligence was intact. I gave her a little test one day.

"She had always refused to eat vegetables," Eunice said, "so I buried a small piece of meat in a plate of baked potatoes and other vegetable left-overs.

"She found her way straight to it, and tilted her head at me very scornfully. I was quite ashamed of having doubted her!"

When Julie was her old self again, Bill and Eunice decided to breed from her.

"She had two pups, and seemed to blossom in motherhood," said Eunice.

"They were such fine pups that we mated her with a champion Sydney Silky, and here she is — a mother for the second time!"



TCN9 singer Bill Newman looks happy enough to be the only male in an otherwise all-girl household. Meet the Newmans, from left: Jenny, 9 (holding Jumbo), Mrs. Newman (holding Julie, the pups' mother), Lynn, 4 (holding Silky), Bill Newman, and Debbie, 6 (holding her namesake pup, Debbie).

SOUND OF MUSIC. Fridays: TCN9, Sydney (7.30 p.m.), TVT6, Hobart (7 p.m.). Saturdays: GTV, Melbourne (7.30 p.m.), NWS9, Adelaide (9 p.m.), TVW7, Perth (8.30 p.m.). Mondays: QTQ9, Brisbane (7.30 p.m.).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919480

The fabulous Streisand for TCN9

By NAN MUSGROVE

● ***My Name is Barbra,* the Barbra Streisand special to be seen on TCN9 on June 3, at 8.30 p.m., really deserves that overworked TV label — special.**

THE morning after I saw a preview of *My Name is Barbra* I found myself humming one of her songs, and wondering whether the show would be repeated on TV after its original showing. Somehow, all this adds up to Special, with a large capital "S."

Discounting the perfect preview viewing conditions that are inclined to color your opinions, *My Name Is Barbra* is a TV experience.

If you like singing, Barbra sings 26 songs (*People*, from *Funny Girl*, the musical about the life of Fanny Brice, in which Barbra stars, is one of them).

If you like acting, you can watch her in a hilarious send-up of a visit to the famous New York store, Bergdorf Goodman.

If you just want entertaining, sit and watch.

She certainly lives up to the description of New York critics as the ugly duckling of show business.

Her skin is bad, you can quite plainly see the scars of the adolescent acne that has pitted her skin, and even for this big TV occasion, a £A150,000 TV special, I'm darned if she hasn't got two pimples on her chin.

Her nose is well in evidence, her hands are at least a size too big for the rest of her, and she is the first U.S. celebrity I have seen who hasn't shining, even teeth.

But with all this against her, she is a triumph of the 20th-century look, colorless lipstick and all. She is elegant in the Moddest way, voluptuous, and wears clothes that I believe will bring the cleavage back in a big way.

Her voice is amazing: she can belt out a song like Ethel Merman, sing with bell-like clarity and purity, or with the greatest and most moving tenderness.

Toward the end of the show she sings *My Man*, the song for which Fanny Brice is famous, and her singing would melt a stone.

And, if like me you are hoping to see it at least twice more — yes, it will be repeated eventually.

★ ★ ★

FEW Australian viewers have heard of Jack Neary, but he probably influences their viewing more than many of TV's highly rated stars. He is the man who finds and presents them.

He is endowed with the knack of not only finding talent, but with a keen sense of the kind of talent Australians like.

Neary is a TV backroom boy, the man behind some of the most successful TV shows — Bobby Limb's *Sound of Music*, Don Lane's *Tonight* show, and Dawn Lake's *Here's Dawn*.

Lately the pace has been clapped on at NLT, the firm Neary heads, as he dots i's and crosses t's before taking off on a trip that he hopes will result in more entertainment for viewers.

Some will be entirely new, but he hopes to talk to two old favorites of Australian viewers, **Digby Wolfe** and **Dave Allen.**

Digby is having a big success at present as a night-club entertainer in New York.

"Digby has improved tremendously since he was here," Mr. Neary said.

"I saw him recently when he was the guest star on the Steve Allen Show. Now, no

Television

artist I know can put Allen in the shade, but Digby had him on his mettle."

Neary, who was Digby Wolfe's manager in Australia, corresponds with him

"I don't know whether I will be able to lure him back here now," he said. "I know he would like to come back in a stage play, and perhaps do a couple of TV specials while he was here.

"I don't think he would come back and settle, although I know he misses Australia terribly."

I asked Neary about Dave Allen and his recently reported wish to return here.

"I will be seeing Dave," he said. "I was very glad to hear he wanted to come back. I think there is still a place for him.

"I know he liked it here,



NEARY . . . successful backroom boy of TV.



BARBRA STREISAND . . . ugly, entertaining, amazing: Special with capital "S."

but there is really nothing here for his wife, actress Judith Stott.

"They were talking of doing a stage show together in Australia, but it would be hard to get the right play. She is an actress and a very good one, and Dave is more of an entertainer.

"Dave is doing very well in England working on the club circuit. That's very hard work, a battle.

"At the end of a week of one-night stands you have earned your money. Dave could make the same money here working one night."

Jack Neary is no stranger to battling.

A self-described "phony Irishman," he is proud that all his grandparents were Irish. His father was a fisherman on the Hawkesbury River, N.S.W., where Jack was born at Brooklyn.

As Australian as a gum-leaf band (although he could pass anywhere as a visiting Irish tenor), young Jack joined the N.S.W. Police Force.

He later became a singing member and unofficial manager of a police quartet, the Guardsmen.

He also became a traffic policeman — well known at the busy intersection of George and Bridge Streets.

In 1948 the four Guardsmen left the force to tour the Tivoli circuit.

After four years their regular singing engagements came to an end. Three of them went back to the force, but Neary stuck to the theatre.

He started off doing what is known as personal management of stars — or potential ones. He says his first office was a corner of the bar at Adams Hotel, his second a disused dressing-room at the old Capitol Theatre.

"For my first trip abroad I had cards printed with my address as Capitol Building," he said. "It sounded good in America."

He has come a long way from that dressing-room.

He has interests in many big shows other than TV, the Moscow State Circus among them.

Recently he filmed a half-hour TV series, and will take abroad two 30-minute documentary series called *Famous Australians*. One is on the life of Sir Robert Menzies.

On his travels he will probably meet another of his film units which is abroad making a documentary series called *If These Walls Could Speak*.

The walls tell the stories of the horrors that went on inside them, and include those of the infamous jail at Hobart's Port Arthur, and Emperor Maximilian's castle in Mexico.

Hollywood identity Vincent Price is coming to Australia in September to narrate the commentaries.

It's all very high-powered, but Mr. Neary's ambition is simple: he wants to make enough money to retire and be a fisherman—in comfort.

Footnote: Ex-traffic policeman Neary doesn't drive a car, hasn't got a driver's licence. He has his offices on the northside of the harbor to avoid bridge traffic.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Momma once said, when I asked her to define middle age: "Some people say it begins when a person would rather not have a good time than have to get over it. Others say it's a person about 10 years older than you are. But I think, for a woman, there is one sure sign . . .



Momma's moral: A woman can be sure she has reached middle age when she can comb her hair without using a mirror.

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

INVESTMENT GUIDE

By MARY BROKER

This week: Newcomers to Stock Exchange lists

THOSE of you who follow the financial pages will have seen announcements of quite a spate of new flotations during the past few months.

You will have also seen remarks by quite a few commentators that the bulk of them have been aimed at the "institutional" investors, such as the life offices, and that the days of the "stag" have gone.

This is in reference to the premiums attached to the shares presently being offered, which are higher than those in days gone by.

Therefore, the stag — this is the name given to those who take up the new shares and sell them in the first few days of trading, when interest is centred on the stock — does not stand to make quite as much profit by this means as he would have some years ago.

Whether this is a good or a bad thing from a market point of view, I do not propose to argue.

However, it does seem to me that with money currently fairly tight — as is evidenced by the dispirited atmosphere prevailing in the share market, and by other factors — there could be quite a bit of selling of these new shares, and at reasonable prices.

This need not occur in the first few days of trading, but could take place over months.

But it does give those investors who were not fortunate enough to participate in the flotations a chance to buy the shares. And for those who have received allocations, there is the chance of building on their holdings.

"Guesswork"

At the time of writing, none of the shares I discuss today have been listed, and any estimate of price would only be guesswork.

However, you may be interested to learn of the activities of some of these new entrants to the stock-market scene.

THE first, George Weston Foods Limited, will be familiar to all biscuit-eaters. But it may surprise you to learn that the company also manufactures "Tip Top" breads and cakes as well as the "Big Ben" pies.

Actually, activities are based in separate divisions, that is, bread, biscuits, and cakes, Ryvita biscuits, flour milling, and stockfeed, plus a New Zealand division.

At this stage, 55 factories are operated throughout the two countries, nearly 30 of them engaged in bread manufacture, and 2000-odd vehicles are owned for delivery and other transport needs.

Activities in Australia began in 1949 under the direction of Associated British Foods Limited, of the United Kingdom.

This company still owns over three-quarters of the issued capital and, naturally enough, supplies its Australian subsidiary with technical knowledge.

(The Weston group is world-wide, which you may not have realised, spreading throughout Europe, North America, and South Africa.)

Rising profits

One million 5/- shares are being offered for sale in the present float at a premium of 3/6 per share. A great deal of interest should be shown in share trading for a stock of this calibre.

Net profits for the last three years, as shown in the prospectus, have been: 1962, £726,000; 1963, £905,000; 1964, £1,208,000.

On the issued capital of £10,000,000, earning rates are 7.8 percent; 8.7 percent; and 13.0 percent respectively. A dividend of 7 percent is anticipated.

★ ★ ★

THE second company, Vickers Australia Limited, is similar to Weston's in that it is controlled by Vickers Limited, of the United Kingdom. After the present issue to the Australian public of two million 10/- shares at 17/6 each, the Vickers group will own just over 60 percent of the Australian concern.

Activities in Australia are carried out through two subsidiaries, Vickers Ruwolt Pty. Limited and Vickers Hoskins Pty. Limited.

The former originated in the early 1900s in the gold-mining areas of Victoria, but was not acquired by Vickers until after World War II.

Since 1955 a big expansion program has been carried out, and Vickers Ruwolt now has one of the most important heavy engineering works in Australia.

The second subsidiary, Vickers Hoskins Pty. Limited, will be of particular interest following my recent discussion of Western Australia, for it is one of the biggest heavy engineers in that State, and stands to take advantage of the increasing development now occurring in the West.

Over the past three years combined net profit has risen from £285,000 to £392,000, giving a 13.1 percent earning rate on the proposed issued capital of £3 million.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919481



Don't stay too long in the dark Dad!

Their financial future depends on your clear sight. An A.M.P. Four Point Family Security Check-up removes the blindfold — enables fathers to see clearly just how they stand, what they have and what they need to make their own and their family's future secure. Arrange one, free and without obligation, with any A.M.P. man or A.M.P. Office.

AMP

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

OFFICES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND AND THE UNITED KINGDOM

Trained and reputable field men working everywhere with Australia's largest Life Office make top-flight, all-lines insurance service a practical reality.

4 FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

1. Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
2. Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
3. Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
4. If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

C193

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919482

THE BALLOON MAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



He had found the peace he sought in this carefree village and among these happy people . . . a charming story

THE Balloon Man sat on the edge of his folding canvas bed and put on his sandals. Fastening the straps he tried to remember who had said that the human foot was one of the supreme examples of divine architecture, but today the contemplation of thin, delicate bones sheathed in sun-browned skin failed to evoke the usual wonder. His feet were simply feet.

He stood up slowly and then, as his eyes fell again on the upended orange-box by his bedside, apprehension clutched him.

The letter was real, after all. The envelope lay on top of his battered copy of Homer's *Odyssey*, slightly to the left of the kerosine lamp. He had been reading, last evening, when the messenger arrived from the Consulate.

Unwillingly, he picked up the envelope again, and extracted the single typewritten page, though he already knew its contents by heart. It requested Prospero Lucas St. John Lysaght to call at the British Consulate at his earliest convenience, between the hours of ten o'clock and twelve noon, and at the bottom it was signed boldly: Charles Pirbright, H.M. Consul.

He had fallen asleep last night wondering what he could have done to bring himself to the Consul's attention. His licence was in order, and, in any case, that was a matter that concerned the Municipality of San Hilario, and not a servant of the Queen.

In trousers and cotton singlet, he carried his pink plastic bucket to the creaking door. He struggled for a moment with the bolt and then the door sagged open, letting in a rush of dazzling sunlight.

Blue convolvulus wreathed the well. Chickens squawked and scratched at the bare earth of their wire enclosure. Three swallows perched precariously on the telephone wires above the Big House, a hundred yards away.

The Balloon Man pumped, water gushed, overflowing the pink bucket.

"Spring!" he said aloud, "The time of the singing of birds . . ."

Back in the lean-to that adjoined the adobe garage, he shaved himself carefully with his old cut-throat razor. Lizards rustled in the sloping thatched roof, and the beaten earth floor was hard underfoot.

To page 48

BY DOROTHY COOPER

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919483

DANDRUFF
YOUR PROBLEM?
OILY OR DRY?

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME—
TWO SEPARATE TREATMENTS
...ONE FOR EACH PROBLEM!



'TRAITAL 3'
FOR DRY DANDRUFF

'TRAITAL 4'
FOR OILY DANDRUFF

Developed by the laboratories of famous L'Oreal of Paris, the Traital formulations are immediately effective!

Traital treatments bring instant relief to dandruff conditions—with a rich, medicated lather that penetrates the scalp, loosens dandruff and floats it away—leaving your scalp cleaner and healthier than ever before.

If your problem is *dry* dandruff, use 'TRAITAL 3'. If it's *oily* dandruff use 'TRAITAL 4'. Each has been formulated by L'Oreal scientists for a specific dandruff condition. You'll find both Traital products at chemists and selected department stores. Each priced at only 12/6.

L'ORÉAL OF PARIS 'TRAITAL 3' and 'TRAITAL 4' are internationally famous L'Oreal of Paris hair beauty products brought to you by Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd. Nicholas marigny TRADE MARK

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE

If you have any hair-beauty problems, write for personal advice to Anne Bryant, Nicholas Marigny Hair Beauty Advisory Service, 699 Warrigal Road, Chadstone, Victoria.

NM56/251A

The Gift



It was an endearing act and brought an abundance of joy — a short short story

BY R. M. MARSLAND

COUSIN Jane's photograph has faded a little with the passing of the years, but nothing can dim my memory of her, and that of my tenth birthday — the one I spent at her place. We were cousins twice removed, and sixty of her summers had come and gone when I first saw the light.

I can still see myself reflected in her steel-rimmed spectacles and feel the little cold shivers that went through me when she turned her head, and sent my reflection flying into nothingness.

She kept house for her brother Joshua, but never were brother and sister more unlike. He, too, had never married, but whereas Old Time had treated cousin Jane with sharpness and asperity, he had touched her brother with loving fingers.

I knew that cousin Joshua had once been a prince, very brave and strong, for I loved to look at the picture of the princess on his dressing-table.

The choicest of his flowers always shed their perfume from a vase nearby, and my romantic little heart beat more quickly when I dreamed of a story for ever untold. Fairy folk always lived happily ever after, and I was certain that one day dear cousin Joshua would find his princess again.

My story begins two days before my birthday. Cousin Jane had been rampaging on her favorite pastime of giving me a "little-talk-for-my-own-good." I had looked docile enough, but had in truth been busy watching the transformed dust specks chasing one another in a brave shaft of sunlight that had dared to pry into this sacred sanctuary.

"Now, Prudence," she gave me a long look, "I hope you have listened carefully to what I have been saying. You are inclined to be scatterbrained, child, but you mean well, so your cousin Joshua and I have decided to give you a birthday party. Goodness gracious, Prudence, do stop jumping up and down like that, and try to act like a little lady."

I can remember hugging her vigorously and wondering why it was that her bones seemed all on the surface, while Mummy was all soft and yielding.

Cousin Jane drew herself up to her full height, straightened her wispy hair, and wiped off my kiss with an aseptic handkerchief.

"Prudence, it is time you learned to control your feelings. In my day, children were 'seen but not heard.' 'Thank you, cousin Jane,' would have been quite enough."

All this time cousin Joshua had said nothing. He had been very carefully taking off his outside shoes and putting on his inside ones. I tried to catch his eye but he somehow was never the same when cousin Jane was about.

Only in the garden, when we were weeding the iceland poppies or transplanting the pansies, did he find fairies for me under the leaves and show me pixies in the pansy patch.

My birthday dawned full of the scent of almond blossom. Pulling back the curtains in a way that was definitely forbidden, I sniffed ecstatically.

"Thank you, Lady Almond Tree, for putting on your best dress for my birthday. This afternoon I am having a party and I want you all to come."

This expansive invitation included them all from the willy-wagtail, who daily hopped on to my windowsill, to Connie the lizard in cousin Joshua's garden.

Somehow I managed to live through the morning. Somehow I resisted an overpowering impulse to go sailing on the front door mat on the sea of glass that was the polished veranda. Somehow I didn't poke holes in the shining dusted aspidistra leaves in the hall pot-plant stand.

I even refrained from squeezing through an unnoticed loose picket which gave me access to an empty paddock full of pink myrtle and beetles and wiry blackboys and freedom. For once, at least, I lived up to my name, and three o'clock found me standing at the door to welcome my guests.

Alas, cousin Jane had chosen them carefully indeed. There was Angela, golden curled and aloof, who gave me a cake of soap in a handkerchief, and Audrey, plaited and plain, who produced a pair of socks and a card bristling with morals, to say nothing of Grace, who primped and posed and produced a toothbrush in a case.

No Emily from up the street, who chewed gum and climbed trees; nor Andy, the boy over the way, who pulled faces at me through the pickets but once had pricked "A loves P" on a gum leaf, and passed it through to me tied to an all-day sucker.

No Billy, no Betty, no Jimmy, no Joyce — just Angela, Audrey, and Grace, and pieces played on a silk-fringed piano in the drawing-room, and memory games and I-spy, preceding hygienic sandwiches and sensible little cakes, and an austere birthday cake with "Prudence" piped on it in pink.

I lived through it somehow, and even managed to be tolerably polite, which, considering the size of the lump in my throat, was quite a feat. I was homesick, miserable, and disappointed all in one.

The doorbell ringing made us all jump. It was such a big joyful ring.

"Happy birthday, Prue darling."

Even before cousin Joshua could call me I was at the door, although my legs felt like jelly. As if it were magic, Mummy and Daddy stood before me.

"We've brought you your birthday present, sweetheart." Into my arms was gently pressed a warm bundle.

"Your little sister, Prue dearest, and you are to name her, because she is your birthday present."

I looked up. Angela and Audrey and Grace had come alive at last, and were crowding around. Cousin Joshua was beaming as he beamed at his gladioli and daisies. Only cousin Jane looked out of it, and, somehow, sad.

Suddenly, child as I was, I knew why. Cousin Joshua had his beautiful princess to love, Mummy and Daddy had us, but cousin Jane had no one. That was why she loved polish and aspidistras and all those other things that couldn't give her any love in return.

"I'll call her Jane," I said firmly, and placed the warm bundle in cousin Jane's arms, and, do you believe it, I'm sure I saw a tear roll down from under her spectacles, although she took great pains to hide it from us all.

From that day it was all different. Oh, there were still polish and aspidistras, and inside shoes and the like, but little Jane worked wonders and let the sunshine in.

Somehow she managed to do something to cousin Jane that no one had ever been able to do before, and I knew it was because she now had something especially hers to love.

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919484



THE SOUND OF HIS LAUGHTER

Now had come the time for revenge — a story

By SUSAN SHEA

THE quietness of Saturday afternoon had descended on the house. The lunch dishes were done, and Linda had put both her small charges to bed for their afternoon nap. She was glancing contentedly through the television program when the phone rang. She heard her mother's voice, oddly defensive: "Darling, you'll never guess who phoned me this morning. You remember Jonathan Darwin? He is back in England."

Linda's heart plummeted in an old, familiar way, but her voice, after a moment, was well under control. She said, "Well, how nice for you."

"Don't be cross with me, dear. I know how you feel. But Jonathan seems very much steadier now, and he's lonely, Linda. The old crowd, he says, have scattered . . . And I think he wants to see you again. In fact, I'm sure that's why he called. Just for the sake of old acquaintance, darling, why not?"

Why not, indeed? shouted Linda's aching heart. I'll give you a thousand reasons why not.

Carefully she asked, "Mother, what exactly did you say."

"I was rushing off to see Mrs. Fisher and didn't have time to chat. I said, 'Well, Jonathan, you will find Linda's number under the name of Mrs. Harry Spencer, Mayberry Street, but don't you expect a royal reception after all this time' "

"All right, all right. Thank you for warning me."

It seemed as though the crazy idea had been waiting in her brain all this time. Since that Christmas Eve nearly four years ago when she sat, hour after hour, in her new white frock, waiting for Jonathan Darwin to take her to the Annual Arts Ball. She knew, on that night, that if the opportunity presented itself she would deal the kind of blow to Jonathan that he had dealt her.

But how can you hurt the Laughing Cavalier? She was the vulnerable one, the one who was desperately in love. He was simply frolicking through the years, enjoying every pretty face that came along. Or so her kind friends said — all the kind friends who had consoled her and tried to take her out of herself after Jonathan ran away — literally ran away to Australia in the wake of another girl . . .

To page 44

"You must tell me all about your life as a wild colonial boy," Linda eagerly said to Jonathan Darwin.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919485

PHILIPS LAMPS BIG £9,000 NAME THE CHARACTERS CONTEST!

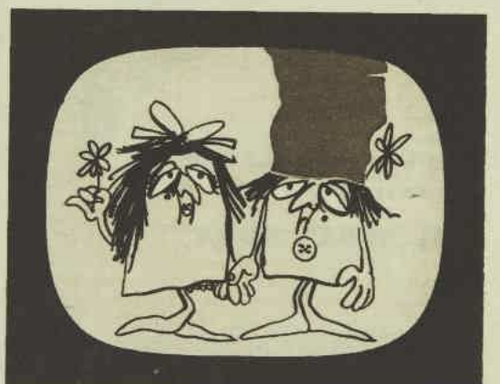


SEE THE LIGHTS OF LONDON ON A PAN AM FLIGHT FOR TWO — PLUS £400 SPENDING MONEY!





1,000 other big Philips prizes to be won.
10 Philips TV Sets or 10 Radiograms.
30 Philips 'Songbird' mantel radios.
30 Philips 'Beachcomber' portable radios.
30 Philips 'Silver Eight' portable radios.
100 Philishave Cordless shavers.
50 Philips electric blankets.
50 Philips home study lamps.
200 Long-playing Philips records.
500 Extended-play Philips records.



Recognise these two lovable characters? They're the stars of our latest, bright Philips Lamps TV commercial. We want you to:

(a) name them for us.
(b) tell us what you would have them say when the lights go on in the TV commercial.

Send in your entry with a Philips Lamp wrapper.* Remember, you could win that marvellous trip for two to London, or one of the 1,000 other wonderful prizes – £9,000 worth of prizes in all. First prize – return flight for two with Pan American – "the world's most experienced airline." Fly the Pan Am Polar route direct to London – return through America. Plus £400 spending money.

*This does not apply in those States where it contravenes State law.



LOOK FOR THIS ENTRY FORM WHEREVER YOU BUY YOUR PHILIPS LAMPS



PHILIPS
for better light

PHD422B

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919486

ONE HOUSEKEEPER TOO MANY

A tactful approach was needed for the situation which had now developed... a short short story

By NORAH SMARIDGE



THE owner of the Herbert Gregson Service shook his head slowly at Laura Warren. "If you were 10 years older, I would place you immediately," he said. "But we need women of at least 50." Laura sighed, too. "Well, thank you for interviewing me," she said. "The jobs sound most attractive." They did, too: They called for women to housekeep in luxury apartment houses. They would be "executives," keep things running smoothly. They'd hire window-washers, prepare breakfasts, provide maids.

It's not as if I need a job desperately, she thought. George was an excellent provider. She had one child, Terry, who was very competent and self-contained. She had a convenient apartment, and most of the major appliances.

But she also had a mother-in-law, Gwen. And Gwen, gently but firmly, had taken over the management of the apartment, leaving Laura with next to nothing to do!

Laura certainly hadn't foreseen this when she agreed with George that his mother should come and live with them. The fine old apartment block where Gwen lived was being pulled down, and she didn't know where to turn. Laura had planned on giving Gwen a large bed-sitting room and leaving her free to come and go as she pleased.

But Gwen, once installed, had begun to take a lively interest in the apartment. It started when she watched Laura's cleaning methods. "But, honey, why don't you make more use of your vacuum-cleaner?" Gwen had cried. "All those lovely attachments! Here — let me!"

It had been pleasant at first. Just as it had been pleasant when Gwen cooked dinner. She was an efficient, imaginative cook. But soon Gwen took over just about all the cleaning and cooking.

"I'm used to it, honey," she would say happily. "Go shop, or see your friends. You're too young and pretty to be a drudge."

When Gwen had lived with them for six months, Laura felt that she had been edged out. Why, she was treated like a guest in her own home. Babied, pampered, not allowed to lift a hand. Of course, she had never been as good a housekeeper as Gwen — but she was quite good enough. Besides, she missed running her own home.

She began, bleakly, to wonder if George would miss her if she weren't there. Did he realise that his mother, and not Laura, was running their home? There was only one way to find out. Absent herself! Stay out. Take a job.

Laura had studied the "wanted" ads surreptitiously. But she seemed to have none of the skills needed. After all, she had married George straight out of high school. Her typing was of the hunt-and-peck variety, and her stenography non-existent.

The big, bold advertisement of the Herbert Gregson Service seemed by far the most promising. Personal qualities were the most important criteria, it said.

The organisation had already placed 16 executive housekeepers in the city; they were now looking for more — women with tact, friendliness, a willingness to assist others, and a manner that commanded respect. Laura was certain that she had those qualities.

But now she was back where she started. No job here — and none at home, either.

"Let's not regard this as final, Mrs. Warren," Mr. Gregson said suddenly. "I'll give the matter some more thought. You'll hear from me."

It was quite a regular thing for Laura to watch her mother-in-law busily working in the kitchen.

A week went by, but Laura heard nothing. She began to think of other possibilities. Perhaps she ought to take a secretarial course. Prepare herself?

Then, one morning, Gwen did not show up at breakfast time. Late, Laura scrambled into a robe and flew into the kitchen. Till now, Gwen had chuckled, "Stay in bed a while, honey. Get your beauty sleep. I'm used to early rising. I'll see to George and Terry." Now, hurriedly, Laura achieved scrambled eggs and toast, and saw her menfolk on their way. Then she tapped at Gwen's door and asked, "Gwen — are you all right?"

Gwen, opening the door, was dressed. Beautifully so, in her grey suit and spanking white blouse. "Of course, I'm all right, dear," she said cheerfully. "Sorry I wasn't on tap for breakfast, but I have a date this morning."

She winked — and Laura, looking past her, saw hat, gloves, and bag lined up on Gwen's bed.

The apartment seemed strangely empty after Gwen left. Delightfully so. Not that she didn't love Gwen, Laura thought quickly. No one could help loving anyone so bright, so kind and helpful. But it was wonderful to have the apartment to herself again. There was a kind of magic even in cleaning and polishing — and she spent a whole hour rummaging through cookbooks.

Idly, she wondered what Gwen's date could be. An old friend from out of town? The winter sales? Or did Gwen have a ticket to a broadcasting studio, or something like that?

Gwen, marching in at 2 o'clock, found Laura resting on the settee — a well-deserved rest, for a change, Laura thought. "Make me a cup of coffee, honey," she begged. "I've been shopping like crazy — but that's not all. I have news for you."

Laura quite relished making coffee for Gwen, and serving it on a dainty tray. This is the way it ought to be, she thought. Gwen's the older woman, after all.

"And now," Gwen said happily. "Here's my thunderbolt. I've got a job. In the future you'll get no help from your mother-in-law. I won't be here, except at weekends." She smiled into Laura's startled face. "I'm going to be a resident housekeeper — and I'll love it!"

"How did you get the job?" Laura asked blankly. Surely it couldn't be—

"Well, it was all rather odd," Gwen said happily. "Yesterday I got this letter from the Gregson Service, asking me to drop in again. I didn't know what it was all about, but I went, anyway. And the nicest man interviewed me. He was as puzzled as I was, though. In fact, he asked me if I had a relative who had applied earlier."

Gwen laughed reminiscently. "Anyway, he seemed to approve of me. He said I had exactly the qualities they were looking for."

Laura nearly laughed aloud. You certainly have, she thought. You're tactful, willing to assist, friendly, and you have a manner that commands respect.

She could see, now, what had happened. The letter had been meant for her, and Gwen had opened it by mistake. After all, she was Mrs. George Warren, too.

But she said nothing. Instead she hugged her mother-in-law, congratulated her warmly — and thanked her own lucky stars.

(Copyright)



because
whatever you pay
you can't buy better than

Judith Aden

LIPSTICK or NAIL POLISH



2/11 ea.

PEARL NAIL POLISH, 4/6

Judith Aden is the kind of smooth, creamy lipstick that usually costs you much, much more. In a propelling case, the loveliest colours—and there's nail polish to match. Try them today . . . you'll agree it's crazy to pay more.

Throughout Australia at

WOOLWORTHS

Variety Stores and Supermarkets

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919487



take care sun...and wind...and rain...and fashion...and surf fade out your lovely hair!

Here's glowing natural colour that lasts!



napro TINTCREAM

Glowing natural hair colour is part of the excitement and fun of **looking** young. Keep your hair that way with Napro TintCream. TintCream keeps your hair lustrous and youthfully alive, too, because it's full-bodied to nourish and condition—as it restores glowing natural colour.

Napro TintCream is so easy to use—and it doesn't run like liquids. You simply cream it in. And its colour lasts and lasts—with never a hint of tint. Of course, you can use TintCream to give yourself a complete change of hair colour—if you wish.

Select your own natural colour, or an exciting new one, from the Napro TintCream shade selector chart —at your chemist or department store. **12/6.**

10 BASIC NATURAL HAIR SHADES (and in-betweens)









National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919488

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

If you need a reminder

LIKE "Ron-Ton's" family, mine chorus, "What do you have to remember?" when they see a red ribbon bow on the handle of the teapot. I am an inveterate tea-drinker, and this never fails to remind me of what I have to do. I keep the ribbon handy in a kitchen drawer.

£1/1/- to "Cuppa" (name supplied), Wangaratta, Vic.

★ ★ ★

WHEN using gas or electricity (cooking or ironing) before going out, my silent reminder is to put the back-door key on either the stove or ironing board. I must look for the key, and this reminds me to make sure gas and electricity are off before locking the door.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Weir, Swanbourne, W.A.

★ ★ ★

THE best reminder I know is taking the kitchen clock from its usual place and putting it on the kitchen table. There'll be continual cries of "What's the clock doing on the table?", so one has no chance of forgetting why it's there.

£1/1/- to "Time, Gentlemen" (name supplied), Mt. Gravatt, Qld.

★ ★ ★

TO remind me to do jobs, I write a note and put it in the sink. It annoys me there, and I can't miss it as one seems to go to the sink so often. To get the most unpleasant jobs over and done with, I put these at the top.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Dickson, Scaholme, Vic.

Faithful friends

IS this a record for long friendship? Since leaving South Australia 56 years ago I have corresponded regularly with five of my school mates. We write on an average four letters to each other every year.

£1/1/- to "Friendship" (name supplied), Rhodes, N.S.W.

Out of the Wild West

MAY I add two further examples of the odd way in which the writers of some Westerns express themselves? From *The Legacy of Revenge*, by Mark Gorman: "His moustache looked neat enough to be feminine," and "His face was brown and leathery from many years in the saddle."

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. A. Evans, Nowra, N.S.W.

But does it matter?

MIGHT I, as a mere male, raise a small voice on the subject of bed-making? My thoughts are best expressed in these few lines: "Tuck in first at foot or head? There's quite a bit of chatter. But seeing mine when I get out — I ask you — does it matter?"

£1/1/- to "Bed Mate" (name supplied), Aspley, Qld.

Wrong hand, baby!

BEING left-handed has many disadvantages, and in our family no mental harm resulted through its correction in infancy. From tiny babyhood each of my mother's 13 children who held out a left hand for a toy or food had that hand gently placed by its side, while the object was put in the right hand. We older children, while minding the young, co-operated with our mother. Not one of the family became left-handed and all 13 distinguished themselves scholastically.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. M. Campbell, Wynnum, Qld.

Low IQ — but large feet

HAVING read the interesting article, "The High IQ and the Small Bosom," I am left wondering. I have a small bosom and my IQ is practically nil. But I have large feet, and I wonder could my brain power have slipped down there?

£1/1/- to "Puzzled" (name supplied), Surfers Paradise, Qld.

"Thinking of you"

WHEN a friend goes into hospital for an operation or because of serious illness we all rush to send a "get well" card. But how often do we think of sending anything to the chronic invalid who lives in hospital? A "thinking of you" card with its blank sides filled with cheery gossip would mean more to her than a "get well" card to a short-term patient.

£1/1/- to "Rosemary" (name supplied), Strathalbyn, S.A.

Bringing up Mother

MY husband's favorite saying to me when I have done something he thinks is not right is, "I don't know how I'll ever rear you." Well, after 28 years of married life, four children, five grandchildren, and three major operations, I think he has done a pretty good job of rearing me.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Clarke, Ashfield, N.S.W.

"Your teeth loose, too?"

EVEN to this day, if one of us is in a complaining mood, someone in the family has only to say sympathetically, "And are your teeth loose, too?" to produce a laugh and a change of mood. When my daughter (now 15) had just started school she came home one day tired and miserable. Nothing was right, and after complaining about everything in general — her legs ached, her head ached, her stomach ached — she finished up, "And my teeth are loose!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. A. Lynam, The Entrance, N.S.W.

Stroller — or battering-ram

I OVERHEARD a woman ask her companion if the baby's stroller was a disadvantage when shopping in the crowded city. The young mother smiled brightly as she replied, "Not at all. I use it as a battering-ram!"

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Thomas, Oatley, N.S.W.

The right side is the wrong side

WHILE dressing the other day, my mother said that the fastener on her dress was not on the correct side. I replied that it was, and that the left side was the right side, and that the right side was the wrong side. What would a New Australian make of that sentence?

£1/1/- to Miss Edna M. Price, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Story of a stay-put pioneer

MY husband's eldest brother, now 95, when 12 years of age went with his pioneer parents from the Robertson district to the "big scrub" near Lismore, N.S.W. He helped with the scrub-felling for the site of their new home. He has now lived on that property for 83 years and has had only one brief holiday away from it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. V. Johnston, Swanfels, Qld.

AW, SHUT UP!



Car-horns leave scope for much inventive work,
For some ingenious mind that will not shirk
The problems (not insoluble, I'm sure)
Of giving them more meaning—oh, much more.
Hark to them now! Impatient, squawking, rude,
Whereas there should be sounds that fit the mood.
Among the nuances of tone I'd like
Are pained exasperation for a bike,
And something gentle, saying, "Thank you, sir,"
When slow trucks let you by without demur.
Besides, for some distinction there's a need
Between, "I'm revving up to pass. Do, please, take heed,"
And such a snarl as says, as many do,
"Shift over, mug," or "Get a move on, you!"
Which brings me to one more I'd like to make—
An answering cry, "Go jump, sir, in the lake."

— Dorothy Drain

● Ross Campbell is on holiday, and will resume writing his column on his return.



because whatever you pay you can't buy better than

Judith Aden

EVEN-GLOW COMPACT MAKE-UP



5/11

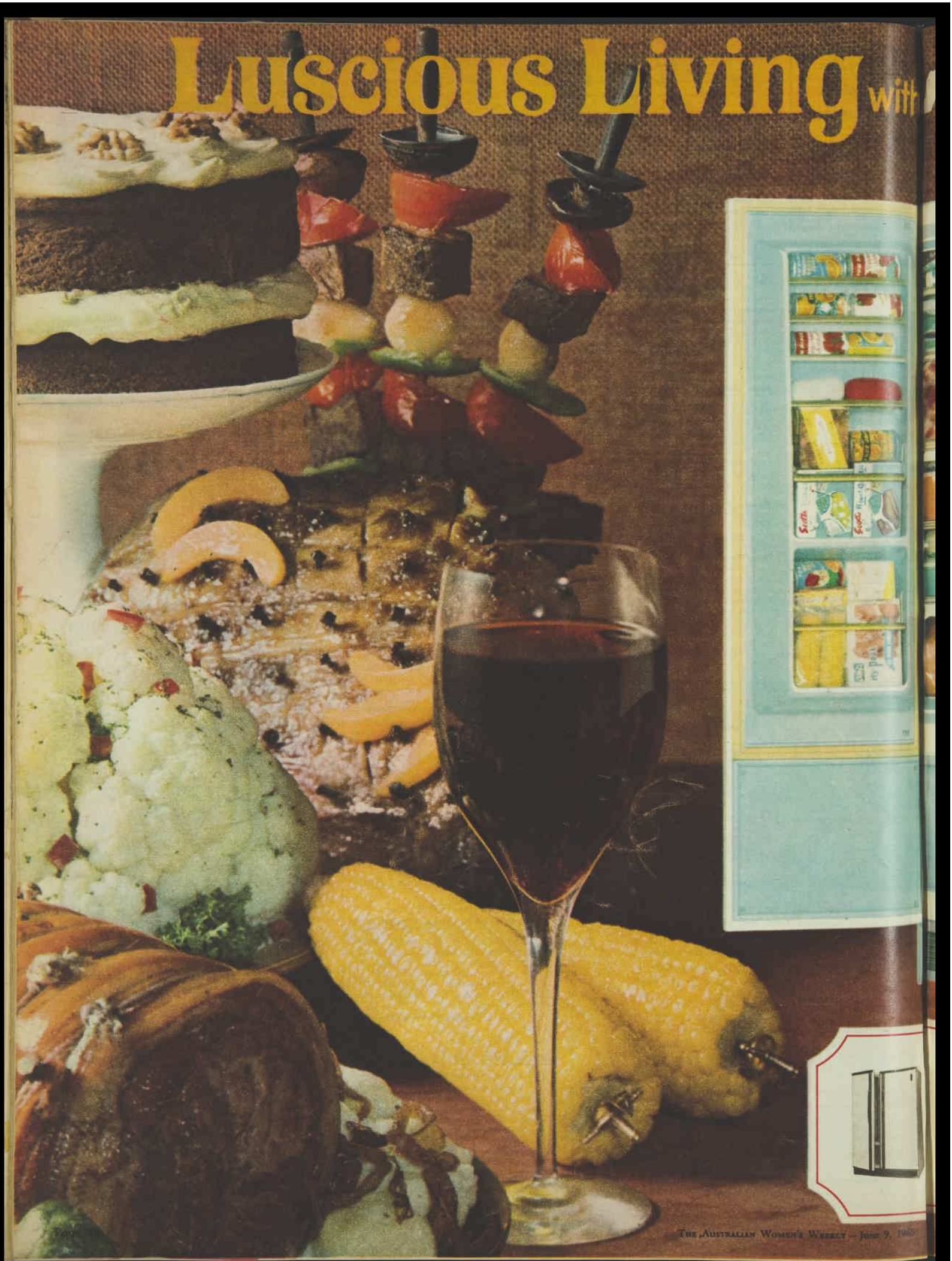
Judith Aden gives you everything you want in a compact make-up—at less than half the cost. It smooths on evenly, covers perfectly, comes in a full range of new "natural look" shades. And you won't find a smarter case anywhere! Try Judith Aden compact make-up today . . . you'll agree it's crazy to pay more.
Refills, 3/-

Throughout Australia at

WOOLWORTHS
Variety Stores and Supermarkets

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919489

Luscious Living with



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919490

Kelvinator Foodarama



First and only refrigerators with "No Frost"

Now Kelvinator introduces the most revolutionary advance in refrigeration — "NO FROST". Only Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama has it. No defrosting to do — ever — not even in the deep freeze section. "NO FROST" automatically locks frost out, gives faster freezing. Foods you freeze yourself taste really luscious. And, there's no frost in the deep freeze section to make packages stick together; package labels are easy to read. Frost never builds up — thanks to an exclusive fan that blows dry sub-zero air in the deep freeze. Only new Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama has this big and important difference. The family-size separate refrigerator section, that defrosts automatically, is fabulous, too. It takes precise, perfect care of everything from dairy produce to fruit and vegetables. It's luscious living — with Kelvinator.

Illustrated: Kelvinator Foodarama—Model 993—with 'NO FROST' in the deep freeze and automatic defrost in the refrigerator section; 15 cu. ft. net capacity including 5 cu. ft. deep freezer. Price: £299. Other Kelvinator 2-door models from £199.10.0. Single door models from £76.10.0. Prices slightly higher in some areas.

KL962

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919491



First under 27/11

TRUE-STRETCH LYCRA BRA

19/11

and it's by . . . St Mark

so perfect fit is guaranteed!

Honest to goodness, this bra is everything you could ask for. It stretches everywhere you want a bra to stretch . . . it gives perfect support without feeling restrictive . . . it fits better, it looks better! See how marvellous it is for today's fashion. We don't have wall-papered fitting rooms, but that is why we can offer you the best bra buy in town! Try it tomorrow . . . money back unless delighted! A and B in 32, 34 and 36.

FOR THE LOOK YOU LOVE . . . ASK FOR ST. MARK

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

Variety Stores and Supermarkets

Also at ASHLEYS (N.S.W.)
EDWARDS & LAMB (Q'LD)
ROCKMANS (VIC. & Q'LD)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919492



Patterns in farmlands

A PATTERN of prosperity is reflected in the picture (above) of sugarcane-fields near Innisfail, Queensland. Luxuriant sugar growth, the residue of cane just harvested, and fallow ground ready for planting are all seen. Sugar is Queensland's top income earner. Almost all Australian sugar is produced in Queensland.

Picture by Adelie Hurley, Queensland.

VINEYARDS near Tanunda, in the Barossa Valley, South Australia, form the "pattern picture" below. The valley has 22,000 acres of vines and produces much of the best wine in Australia. It was settled, soon after the founding of South Australia, by winemaker German families coming out to escape religious persecution.

Picture by Keith Phillips, Mitcham, S.A.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919493

FOR CHILDREN: DECIMAL MONEY

Coins to cut out and "make" for playing a game of shop

● Adjusting to decimal currency will be difficult for all Australians at first — but here's a way that will make it easier for those under 12.

THE coins pictured here are exact-size representations of the coins which will be used in Australia's decimal currency.

There are six coins (one-cent, two-cent, five-cent, 10-cent, 20-cent, 50-cent), shown here, with their matching obverse (head) sides.

To make the money, cut out each coin, paste the "tails" side to a piece of cardboard the same size, and paste the Queen's head on the back of the cardboard.

Using this paper money in a "shop" would help children to get used to handling the decimal coinage and to understand it while simultaneously having fun.

A cardboard carton could be the "shop" and the "stock" — well, almost anything can be used.

Old tea cartons, empty cigarette packets, instant coffee jars complete with labels, or even plastic toys collected from cereal cartons can be "goods."

Old magazines could be "sold" — the children could even go through back copies of *The Australian Women's Weekly* and cut out "pin-ups" to sell separately.

Empty matchboxes, odd pencils or crayons, milk bottles, and used bus tickets to be sold as "theatre tickets" or given out as receipts could all be part of the shop.

A till could be made out of a shoebox — the cover standing upright at one end, painted on one side with numbers so "customers" can see, with the box open so that money can be put in or taken out for change.

An old bicycle bell could be rung when the right change is given (just like a till) or for service.

If you have an old, unwanted pair of scales for weighing small amounts they could be used in the shop.

Here is a list of prices you could use when playing shop.

Note that this is a made-up price list. These are not necessarily the prices the goods will be when decimal currency is adopted next year.

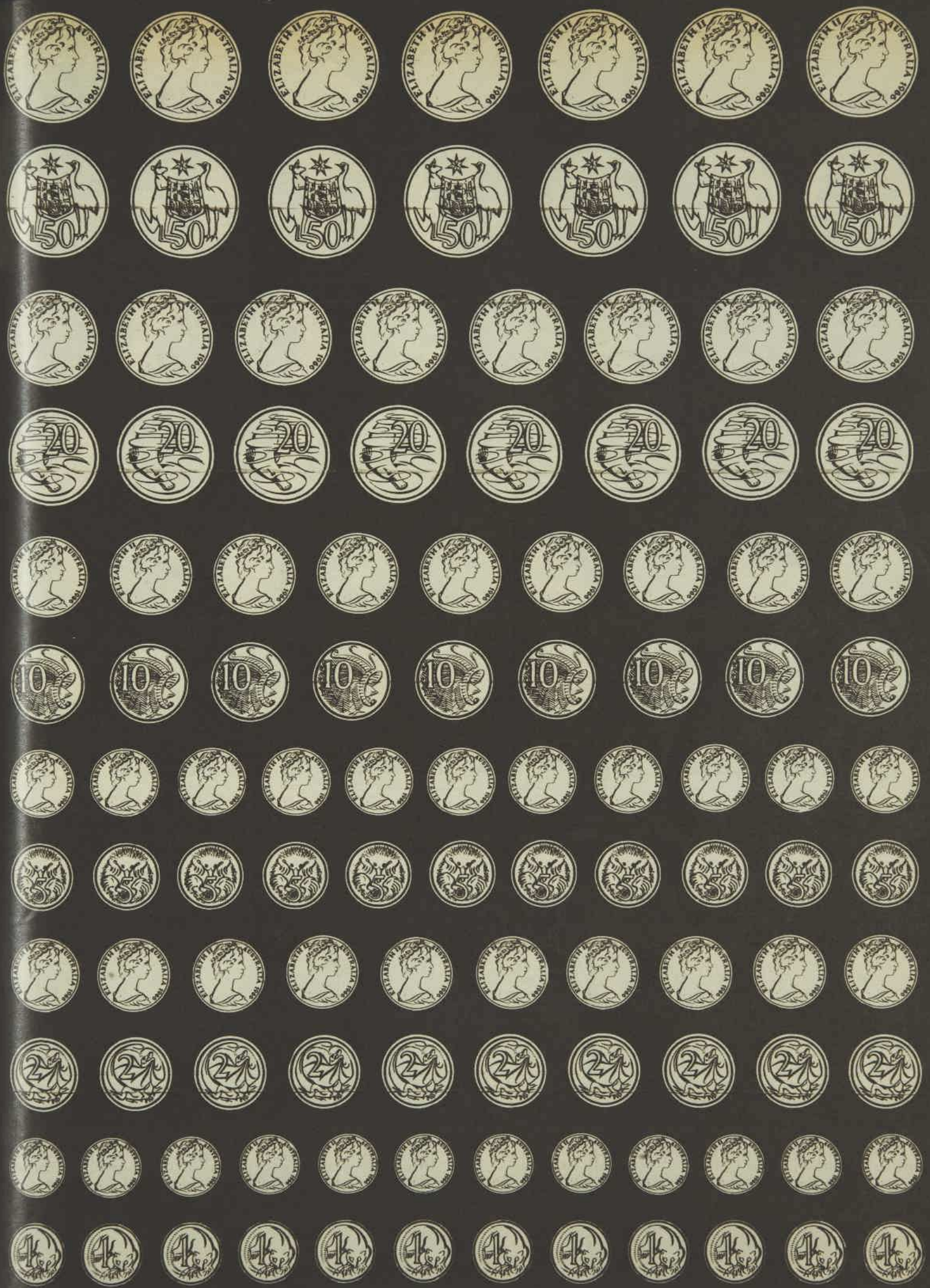
STOCK	PRICE (Cents)
1 apple	5
1 banana	2
1 loaf bread	15
Butter, 1lb.	52
Breadcrumbs, 1 pkt.	15
2oz. caramels	15
1 pkt. cereal	35
Cheese, ½lb.	22
Chocolate, small pkt.	10
Cigarettes, large pkt.	33
Coconut flakes, small pkt.	17
Crayons, 4	10
Cream, small bottle	13
Detergent	35
Cold drink	10
Eggs, ½ doz.	32
Flour, 1lb.	11
Grapes, 1 bunch	12
Ice block, 1	5
Ice-cream, 1	5
Jelly, 1 pkt.	9
Jelly beans, 1 pkt.	13
Lentils, 1 pkt.	25
Licorice, 1 stick	5
Matches, 1 box	2
Magazine, 1	10
Milk, 1 pint	10
Noodles, 1 pkt.	16
Oatmeal, 1 pkt.	27
Orange, 1	4
Paper napkins, 1	2
Peach, 1	8
Pear, 1	6
Pencil, 1	3
Pepper, small tin	12
Plastic toy (small)	15
Potatoes, 1	3
Pin-up, 1	5
Raisins, 1 pkt.	24
Rice, 1 pkt.	14
Salt, 1 pkt.	8
Soap, 1 pkt.	15
Soap powder	26
Sweets, assorted, small pkt.	13
Spaghetti	18
Tea, 1 pkt.	32
Tissues	18
Tomatoes, 3	20
Tomato sauce	22

● As a guide to values, remember 100 cents make one dollar. A dollar can be made up of two 50-cent coins, five 20-cent coins, ten 10-cent coins, and 20 5-cent coins, and so on.

There will be no dollar coins in the new currency; the dollar and higher amounts will be in notes.



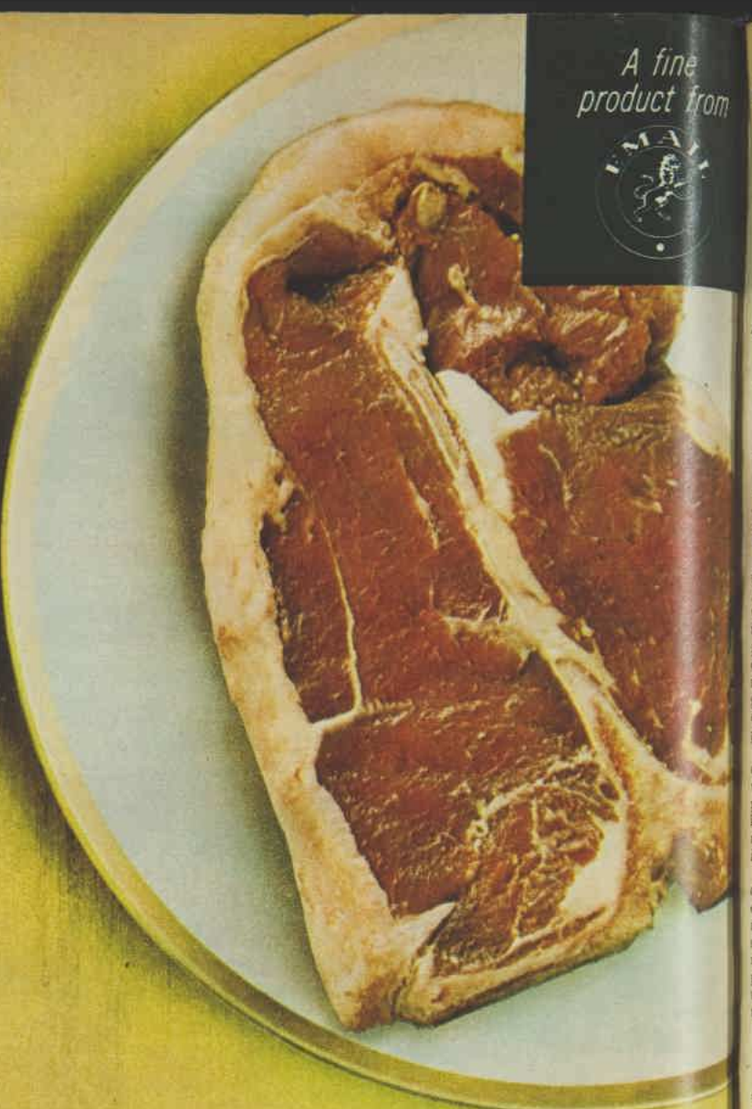
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919494



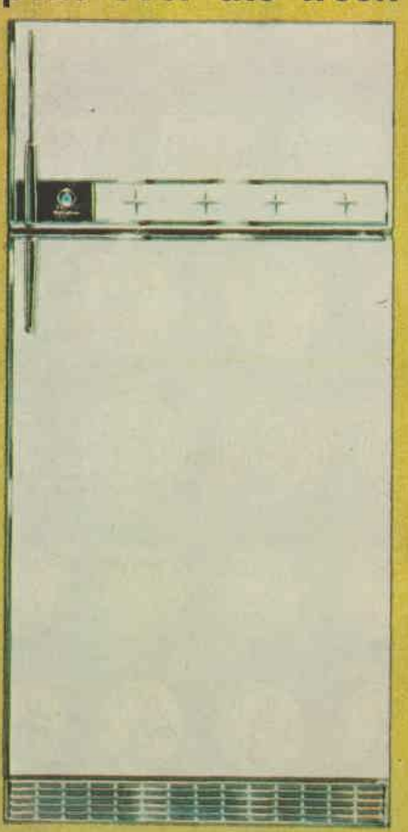
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919495

A fine product from





What usually happens over the week-end . . . needn't!



You obviously prefer a steak to be fresh and juicy; appealing to look at.

That's why you buy it that way.

This new Westinghouse two-door refrigerator-home-freezer keeps meat the way it comes from the butcher.

Older type refrigerators can't. Within a short time they absorb moisture from the contents. When moisture goes, meat discolours like the steak on the left, cheese hardens and crumbles, vegetables lose their snap.

In this Westinghouse a unique 'moist-cold' system keeps the air of the refrigerator section not just cold but moist-cold. Under these moist-cold conditions food moisture remains where it belongs — in your food. Freshness, flavour, colour and texture remain along with it as in the steak on the right.

And you never have to worry about messy defrosting, either. The refrigerator section is frost-free.

When you want to store your food for a longer period you open the top door. This reveals a freezer compartment that operates independently of the moist-cold refrigerator to maintain the correct temperature for long-term food keeping. Capacity—100 lbs.

You also open the top door for an abundant supply of ice cubes that never "stick" when stored in the cube server. This exclusive cube server holds three trays full. Throughout the entire unit are plentiful examples of Westinghouse thoughtfulness, thoroughness and long-lasting reliability.

Good food is costly. Preserving its goodness isn't—not with the terms and trade-ins your Westinghouse retailer can offer.
You can be sure if it's . . .

Westinghouse

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919496

Concluding

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

From the Blitz ... to the 'sixties

By STANLEY JACKSON

DESPITE the crises that marked the 1930s, the Savoy, the world's most famous luxury hotel, maintained a guest list that read like an international Who's Who. *Then came September, 1939, and World War II.*

In the final instalment of his book, The Savoy, *Stanley Jackson tells how the hotel weathered the Blitz and once again presented a setting where royalty liked to dine and dance.*

LIKE the rest of Britain, the Savoy put on its tin hat and waited for the Blitz.

Seventy members of the staff were fully trained as ARP wardens, among them veteran William Lawes from the Works Department, who patrolled the roof, keeping out the cold in a 200-guinea raccoon coat left during the gay 'twenties by an American visitor who could not pay his bill.

Two floors were shut down, and the restaurant, with its glass cupola, temporarily closed. Only one kitchen, presided over by maitre-chef Latry, remained in operation.

Latry set himself the task of maintaining his reputation on an austerity budget that meant no cooking-oil, little sugar or butter, and ersatz mayonnaise, and improvised grimly with turnips, vegetable-stuffed steak, and mutton bacon.

Steak or ships

The man who was reputed to know 200 ways of preparing an egg now practised almost as many variations on the humble turnip.

"Tell them it's steak or ships," Latry would shout fiercely at his waiters.

At lunch one day Mr. Churchill set an example by ordering the three-shilling Woolton menu of unrationed food — one sardine, a tenuous leg of chicken, and a mysterious souffle made from apples — but would not deny himself or his guests the compensation of a good cigar.

Latry and his pastry-chefs always tried to perform miracles when a favorite guest had a birthday or came home on leave. Somehow he prepared a cake for A. P. Herbert, the only serving Petty Officer MP, and his wife, a sergeant in the ATS, who were celebrating their silver wedding.

Few of the hotel rooms were occupied during the first months of the war when reservations were automatically made for "dinner and a bed in the Air Raid Shelter," at that time no more than a straw mattress on the floor. No one seemed embarrassed at the sudden loss of privacy.

The improvised restaurant, soon reopened with evening dress optional, was crowded every night. Here, one evening, Mr. Churchill was summoned to the telephone by a page. A few minutes later, flushed and unusually excited, he was back.

After a little while he was called away again and returned, breathing hard, but with a beaming face.

"It's true,' he said in a low voice. "Good night, and God bless you." He was to take over as Prime Minister.

Often, during the strenuous war years, he would return to the Savoy to lunch or dine privately with members of the War Cabinet, Chiefs of Staff, or the many foreign statesmen who made the hotel their wartime headquarters.

Too exhausted to return home, he asked one day if he might retire for his usual "forty winks" which miraculously always seemed to recharge his batteries. A river suite was put at his exclusive service throughout the war.

One evening, at dinner, he called for an envelope, and the waiter asked if he also required notepaper. "Envelope, large," barked the PM, but with a twinkle in his eye. When it arrived, he carefully slid his portion of meat from the plate into the envelope, which he handed to the waiter with a smile.

"I don't need this," he said quietly. "Please take it home to your family. We're all in this together, you know."

Torches winked

Early in the war the Prime Minister's son-in-law, Vic Oliver, while appearing in the Savoy cabaret in the deep shelter, quipped, "We are employing very small waiters tonight to make the sandwiches look bigger."

In the forecourt, pocket torches winked in the blackout to guide taxis or, more often, guests on bicycles. With so many cinemas and theatres closed, people were even more eager to dine and dance between the steel girders in the Abraham Lincoln Room, where Carroll Gibbons was back at his white piano, but with only five in his orchestra.

Although twice blown off his platform by bomb blast before V.E. Day, he could proudly claim that Hitler never made his band miss a beat.

The management, acting on the policy that none but the brave deserved the fare, offered service honeymoon couples an all-in rate of £3 a day which covered a luxury double room, breakfast, dinner, dance, and cabaret.

There were familiar faces in war paint; John Mills cracking a bottle before joining the Army as a ranker; Gilbert Frankau nibbling a lunchtime snack before dashing back to his desk at the Air Ministry; Terence Rattigan, an air-gunner's flash on his shoulder, eating potato roll and thinking wistfully of steak and kidney pudding and his favorite plover's eggs; David Niven, a staff officer, chuckling at his arrest by over-enthusiastic Home Guards who had taken him to Guildford Gaol.

The months of surmise, fretting, and impatience ended with the shock of Dunkirk and the Blitz on London.

Officers' club

A river suite was transformed into a club where Canadian officers could relax on leave.

Before long the First American Eagle Squadron announced laughingly that they had transferred their H.Q. from "somewhere in England" to suite 618-619 at the Savoy.

Staff shortages, food rationing, and the blackout were already routine when the first bombs fell on London. Much of the Savoy's valuable silver, glass, and china were stored in cellars under Waterloo Station and had to be replaced by oddments from closed-down hotels.

None of the special Irish linen could be bought and sheets were no longer changed daily, although a tiny reserve of the best linen was kept for VIPs.

The hotel insisted to the end on its basic choreography of soap, towel, and crisp table napkin; and the Savoy laundry, hit by several bombs and almost destroyed by incendiaries, continued to live up to its telegraph address, "Unblemish, London."

Income from rationed meals and empty suites dwindled, while overheads mounted for running repairs and a huge ARP and blackout budget. The group showed a loss in 1940 for the first time in its history.

Before long, cash resources were exhausted and salaries had to be cut, from the managing director's downwards. By this means something like £80,000 a year was saved.

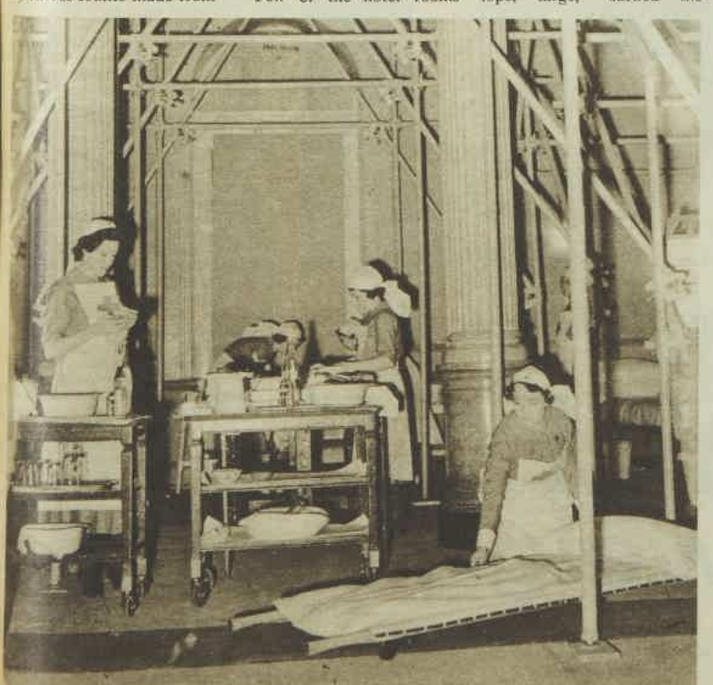
To page 32



PRINCESS MARGARET watches Spanish dancing at a charity ball at the Savoy Hotel.



NO ADMITTANCE to the Savoy for the pet leopard of holiday camp "king" Billy (now Sir William) Butlin. The animal was swiftly taken out and chained to a no-parking sign.



BLITZ HOTEL — Red Cross nurses, all staff volunteers, were on 24-hour duty. In charge was the manager's wife, Mrs. W. Hofflin.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919497

Continued from page 31

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

Part of the preciously hoarded linen had to be sold, and eventually many of the cases of fine Havana cigars which would be sorely missed in the years to come.

Somehow, the wage bills were met and the Savoy managed to avoid the straits of most London hotels which found it impossible even to pay ground rents.

When the heavy raids began, the problems of wear and tear and the endless arguments with ministries over manpower and food came to seem almost trivial.

Overnight the Savoy became Blitz Hotel; informal, gayer, and inevitably more human. The restaurant was still closed, except for luncheon, but evening meals were served in the River Room, turned into a bomb-proof fortress with a tiny corner for Carroll Gibbons and his men.

As sirens wailed, guests trooped down to the converted Abraham Lincoln Room, where the former makeshift palliasses had been replaced by numbered and pink-curtained bunks. A section of the shelter was set aside for the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who usually dined at the Savoy when the Duke was on leave from the RAF.

Special arrangements had to be made for the snorers, who became known to their victims as "Hitler's Secret Weapon." At first, a shelter-maid used to go on nightly patrol and tickle the soles of culprits, but, as this was considered undignified and largely ineffective, a separate compartment, shrouded and remote from the others, was set aside for the snorers.

In the main lounge from 8.30 onwards, already changed into dressing gowns, pyjamas, siren suits, and slippers, guests would settle down to a book or newspaper before bedtime. Soon the descent began, a convoy laden with writing pads, eye-masks, diaries, novels, magazines, pills, jigsaw puzzles, and packs of cards.

Among those who steadfastly declined to go to the shelters was Lady Oxford, who had been bombed out of her house in Bedford Square. She moved into the Savoy where she remained until her death at the end of the war.

Incredibly dressed in full white evening gown with train and wearing high Russian boots — an ensemble known to the staff as "Lady Oxford's battle-dress" — she held nightly court in the foyer, tiny but imperially stiff-backed, playing a rubber of bridge or chatting with her son, Anthony, and a chosen circle as if she were back in her old drawing-room.

To keep the public informed of the Battle of Britain and the Blitz, American newspapers and radio networks sent their top reporters. The Savoy's American Bar was soon a bazaar for gossip and a convenient Press rendezvous for almost a hundred war correspondents.

One by one, starting with the *New York Times*, their London offices were blitzed or suffered such damage from blast as to become unworkable. With a shortage of clerical staff and an erratic or overloaded telephone service, they found it convenient to move into the Savoy, which became office and club around the clock.

Reporters deposited bags and laundry, and took off on flying missions or in Navy convoys, assured of a room, a bath (with the regulation five inches of hot water), and their favorite corner in the bar, if and when they returned.

They brought a warm, gusty humanity with them, even if a few old-fashioned eyebrows were raised at their shirtsleeves, the bottles bulging from their hip-pockets, and the earthy dialogue that used to rattle "The Glasshouse," as they renamed the lounge.

Talking shop into the small hours, they waited impatiently for Press releases, but always with half an eye on all the comings and goings past the reception desk.

The procession was quick-changing and often rich in drama. Late one night Katina Paxinou, "the Duse of Athens," swept in dishevelled and hollow-eyed after being torpedoed on her way to New York. With a coat over her pyjamas, she had spent hours in a lifeboat before being rescued.

Tall, angular General de Gaulle, sparing of words and gesture, cut a monosyllabic swathe through any reporters and admirers who tried to stop him.

Open-handed with their liquor, cigarettes, and candy bars, always laughing, drinking, wisecracking, and ready to throw dice on the carpet for a week's pay, the correspondents seemed carefree, but, between spasms of fun, all worked selflessly to give America a vivid picture of wartime Britain.

Ed Murrow lay in the gutter outside the Savoy so that his microphone could pick up the wailing sirens and the actual thump of German bombs for his countrymen across the Atlantic.

Quentin Reynolds wept over fires

On the roof, gruff Quentin Reynolds wept as London smouldered in the ashes of a thousand fires, but, later in the bar, quaffing mighty draughts of gin, he would quickly have his friends rocking with stories in imitation cockney slang.

His hotel bills were often in the neighborhood of £200 a week. Propped up by pillows, with a typewriter between his knees, he would tap out the wonderful radio scripts which proved to the world that London could indeed take it.

A great camaraderie developed between the American newsmen and Fleet Street editors, who ate hot cheese sandwiches between editions or settled down in the American Bar when their papers had gone to press, the inseparable telephone always within reach.

When almost every line in Fleet Street was out of action, and only that of the *New York Times* in the hotel seemed in working order, it was unhesitatingly offered to rival newspapers, apart from hard-pressed British colleagues.

The hotel was now almost an international Press Club, with its growing corps of Americans and Australians.

The handsome editor of the *Sunday Chronicle*, Jimmy Drawbell, would often be mistaken for Leslie Howard, who used to creep unrecognised to his corner table in an old tweed coat and unbecoming horn-rims.

Drawbell was always surrounded by politicians, celebrities, and writers like Sir Philip Gibbs and Beverley Nichols, while Monica Dickens often came into rest one pair of weary feet from her nursing unit. His star contributor was Dorothy Thompson, who settled into

To page 33



Now you can enjoy that great summer feeling in winter

This winter you can enjoy the good-looking comfort of 'Terylene' **Mid**weights. The ideal blend for Australian winters. Warm but not bulky. And with all the easy-care 'Terylene' qualities you know. 'Terylene' **Mid**weights look after themselves — immaculately! Always neat. Always in trim shape. In longer-wearing **Mid**weights — **'Terylene' keeps its promise.**

'TERYLENE'

'Terylene' is a registered trademark.

midweights

'Terylene' is now made in Australia by FIBREMAKERS LTD *95 Collins Street, Melbourne.*

504

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919498

Continued from page 32

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

the same suite she had last occupied in 1928 when she married Sinclair Lewis.

Miss Thompson reigned as the overseas Press queen of the Savoy. Her suite was like a star's dressing-room, and always crammed with cables, invitations, and huge bouquets of flowers which she would take to London's hospitals.

"Being married to Dorothy was like living permanently in a newspaper office," her husband used to complain, and wartime London offered even less respite. Her three white telephones jangled incessantly while she dictated letters and articles, gave interviews, and posed for newsreels. A thousand guests attended the reception which Lord Kemsley gave in her honor at the Savoy.

When *The Lady Is a Tramp* had been played a dozen times and the last dancers had drifted off, Carroll Gibbons would join the correspondents for a drink, a hand of stud poker, or a night-long game of chess.

He suffered from insomnia, due probably to delayed shock after the bomb that blew him off his dais. He had picked himself up with a grin and drawled his usual, "Hallo, everybuddy."

In a moment or two, while the shuttered windows rattled like peas and the lights clicked on and off, Noel Coward sat down nonchalantly at the white piano and started to sing a number from one of his shows. The audience demanded encores and refused to go on dancing.

For almost an hour and a half, while enemy aircraft ploughed the sky like heavy tractors, Coward gave a non-stop cabaret until his voice had dwindled to a whisper.

Incendiaries straddled the roof that night, but the high-explosives which rocked the hotel were all near-misses.

Luck ran out a few nights later when a bomb struck the parapet over the entrance in the Strand, laying a carpet of masonry over the rubber forecourt.

Chapel windows were destroyed

The same night, another cracked a corner of the building overlooking the Embankment, killing two people, one of them a Belgian Deputy, of the thousand or more who were in the hotel at the time. Four stained-glass windows of the Savoy Chapel were destroyed by blast, but the lovely altar-silver presented by the royal family was safely housed in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York.

In less than an hour, and armed with hand torches while the bombers droned overhead, the staff inspected each of the 500 rooms for slivers of light and adjusted any flapping blackouts.

Meantime, a much-reduced Works Department inspected damaged rooms, closing down several or giving first-aid to buckled window-frames and cracked ceilings. ARP workers and nurses, often with a minimum of sleep, returned to their normal duties with eyes a little bloodshot but rarely without the cockney twinkle.

The tiny pages, neat as new pins with buttons, hair, and shoes shining, more than proved their worth in those feverish days when quick thinking and a willingness to run errands for everyone, from wardens on the roof to nervous or fretful guests in the basement shelter, relieved an overtaxed staff.

Nothing seemed to convey a sense of normality more than the daily inspection parade of these lads, standing like midget guardsmen among the wreckage of a previous night's raid. Grateful old ladies would reward them with sugar lumps or their precious sweet ration.

The Savoy now had a new general manager, W. A. Hofflin. He had come to the Savoy in 1928, and, like so many of the world's great hoteliers, was a Swiss.

Starting traditionally by peeling potatoes, he went through every branch.

He began his career with the company in the reception office at the Berkeley, where he impressed the management by his tactful handling of guests and an instinct for thinking and acting quickly in crises. He never forgot a lesson from the managing director, Sir George Reeves-Smith, whom he rashly telephoned late one evening.

Sir George would only be disturbed on the rarest occasions by telephone calls, which he disliked, but Hofflin explained breathlessly that a fire had broken out at the Berkeley.

"Well," answered the cool voice, "you're in charge. Put it out."

In his 20 years as general manager of the Savoy, Hofflin could claim to have been, almost literally, wedded to the hotel. In fact, he and his wife, Greta, were married from the Savoy in 1932.

The war years, during which they lived in the hotel and worked incredible hours — Mrs. Hofflin was in charge of the Red Cross nurses — brought him to grips with every kind of staff and rationing crisis.

These years would have killed a less resilient man, but Hofflin thrived on the stimulus of contact with the many celebrities he met.

"The greater the man, the easier to receive," he always insisted.

During the night of April 16, 1941, a landmine fell outside the Embankment entrance, rocking the hotel and shattering every window facing the river. A grinding crash of masonry was followed by a rumble like the echo from a dynamited quarry.

Men and women, with faces cut and eyes smarting from dust, rubble, and cordite, crunched unsteadily over glass.

More than 60 suites were put out of action, apart from all the bathrooms, the Pinafore, and several other banqueting rooms, and many offices. The restaurant was a pulp of smashed tables and chairs, and the kitchen a completely unusable shell. More than 5000 glasses and pieces of china were destroyed.

A scratch staff took over a disused kitchen, and by first light hot breakfasts were being served. At noon guests who had braved the rubble and stepped gingerly over broken glass sat down to an emergency luncheon menu redeemed by spotless napery and almost the customary service.

It was the worst raid suffered by the hotel, but by no means the last of many near-misses.

During a Board meeting at which the Chairman, Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, presided, a heavy bomb landed nearby with enough force to blast the curtains from the windows. There was a moment's silence and fleeting glances were exchanged. The Chairman gave his little cough and said calmly, "Gentlemen, to continue . . ."

To page 34



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919499

RELIEVE
peptic ulcers
—
with
PEP-ULS-ADE

There's no need to suffer from pain caused by peptic ulcers, indigestion, dyspepsia or heartburn . . . start a course of Pep-Uls-Ade tablets today and enjoy quick relief from the painful symptoms.



100 Tablets, 25/-
Full instructions with every pack.

PEP-ULS-ADE

At chemists everywhere.

CL8

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

Continued from page 33

Within a few months of Hofflin's appointment as general manager, Sir George Reeves-Smith died in 1941 at the age of 86. He had been managing director for more than 40 years.

His successor was 32-year-old Hugh Wontner, who had joined the company barely three years before.

As managing director and later chairman, Hugh Wontner was to exercise more power and responsibility than any other person in the history of the Savoy Group.

But when Sir George died the prospect looked anything but bright, with profits at vanishing point, most of the hotel rooms empty for long stretches of the year, and key personnel in the services.

Understandably despondent, the shareholders could hope for little more than a holding operation by the new managing director, still an unknown quantity to most of them. They expected him to keep the books in order and to tread cautiously in the footsteps of his predecessor.

Orderly mind

But the hotel continued to run on rubber tyres like the trolleys which slid noiselessly along the corridors on each floor. Those who met the freckled and bespectacled young man for the first time came away impressed by an orderly mind which adjusted effortlessly to problems.

During the war, the directors would not permit austerity as an excuse for inferior attention. The menu might be dull and the pink tablecloths and napkins stored for the duration, but the white linen was always crisp and fresh and no explanation accepted for half-emptied ashtrays or chipped glasses.

The cruets, crockery, and silver were stacked neatly in the service rooms on each floor, the skeleton staff of silversmiths constantly cleaning and replating. As in pre-war days, no room was let without the preliminary ritual of oiling locks, testing each tap, and a fastidious inspection made of bed linen, carpets, lights, bolts, and curtain hooks.

Every Monday, following a practice which dated from the very opening of the hotel, each of the hundreds of clocks, one in every room, was carefully checked. One of them was missing from the mantelpiece after the departure of an American colonel, who returned it only when the managing director himself sent a polite reminder.

Like Sir George, Wontner also found time somehow to keep an eye on the laundry, which remained a cornerstone in preserving first-class service. Throughout the war and even after setting up his headquarters in North Africa and France, General Eisenhower continued to send his linen to the Savoy in sealed aluminium containers.

Waiters might look impressive in starched shirts, collars, and cuffs, but Hofflin and his department heads had their moments of dismay. Staff training was now inevitably sketchy, and many of the waiters and porters were either physically unfit for war service or had emerged from retirement.

Even so, they were in such short supply that it was decided to supplement them by waitresses, who had never before been employed at the Savoy.

Great care was taken in their selection, and many were the wives, sisters, and daughters of present or former members of the staff. They proved excellent, and looked exceptionally smart in uniforms designed for them by Molyneux.

Luigi, the courtier and diplomat who had so miraculously restored gaiety and charm to the Grill, was horrified to learn one evening that two of his waitresses were dropping plates.

It was all due, apparently, to the disturbing presence of Clark Gable in American Air Force uniform. The film star was embarrassed by this attention and always dealt severely with autograph hunters and the many hostesses who tried to turn his war service into a social circus.

A few months later Ivor Novello was to reappear in the grill-room in less happy circumstances. At the height of his popularity, idolised by audiences and enjoying an income of £35,000 a year, he was nevertheless in a state of depression.

Sent to prison

Overworked, inconsolable at the death of "Mam" (Madame Clara Novello Davies), and barely recovered from the effects of pneumonia, his one relief was to escape after the Saturday night curtain to his country house near Maidenhead. However, he was careless and foolish about the petrol regulations and had apparently made improper use of coupons for his short week-end trips.

He was prosecuted and sent to prison for a month. He came out of jail convinced that he was disgraced for all time.

Although many of his faithful admirers had written him comforting messages, he was still very nervous of risking insults and sneers in public. It took much personal courage, after some persuasion by friends, for him to sup in the Grill on the first night after his release.

Heads turned sharply and the room, so recently buzzing with chatter, stopped to catch its breath. Suddenly people stood up and clapped, and Novello, now weeping unashamedly, was surrounded by friends.

He was in the first and very welcome Ensa unit which crossed the channel soon after D-Day. Following him, among others, was Gertrude Lawrence, who had flown from America clutching a dozen precious eggs for her old friend and former secretary, Evie Williams. A sudden lurch made an omelet in the lap of her next-seat neighbor, Ernest Hemingway. They were both egg-stained but roaring with laughter when the plane landed at Croydon.

Nothing enlivened those last months of the war more than the record number of white weddings in the Savoy Chapel, when the guests would usually walk the short distance to a reception in the River Room, cheered the whole way and pelted with confetti even by complete strangers who happened to be in the hotel.

As news of the Nazi collapse came through, the demand for tables grew overwhelming, and many had to wait three days or more for a reservation. The management was swamped by bookings for Victory Night dinner-parties, adding to those made by optimists almost from the outbreak of war.

It was announced suddenly that the long years of blackout were at last over. Some buildings, including the Houses of Parliament and many in the City, hesitated before switching on, but not the Savoy. At dusk on April 23, 1945, after 2061 nights of darkness, the curtains were left undrawn, and every light in the hotel burst radiantly over the Thames, almost like a carillon of thanksgiving.

The long period of post-war shortages coincided ironically with a crowded house-list and some of the most dazzling celebrity functions in the hotel's history. War damage estimated at more than £250,000 was unlikely to be made good and compensation paid for some years.

The porters were once more resplendent in new whipcords; the 5/- limit on meals decreed in the summer of 1942 would persist for eight endless years; but the pink cloths and napkins were quickly back on tables adorned by gleaming silver and crystal.

It came as a shock when, barely a year after V.E. Day, the whole framework was suddenly threatened by a series of strikes.

These followed a campaign seeking to impose on the Savoy (and as a consequence on all other hotels) recognition of the catering branch of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers.

Having failed to stop supplies of food from Smithfield and Covent Garden or seriously to interrupt the business of the hotel, sympathisers lay in the road outside the Savoy to prevent the tankers carrying fuel oil from reaching the point where they could discharge it into the hotel's tanks.

Outside the hotel, particularly in the small service road leading from Savoy Hill, crowds of strike supporters gathered night after night. They were confident that the reserves of oil within the Savoy could not last much longer and expected the management to capitulate.

It has never been disclosed what secret steps the directors took, but tankers continued to arrive at the Savoy at all hours and from all points of the compass. Their only problem was to get near enough to discharge their load.

Many helpers

Attempts were made to waylay them on the Embankment, in the city, the West End, and the Strand; but finally, while guests, including several MPs, watched from the windows of the hotel, the police, mounted and on foot, held back the shouting crowds as each tanker came in sight.

A large volume of volunteer helpers came from the outside, among them the Earl of Airlie's son, Angus Ogilvy, now the husband of Princess Alexandra. He enrolled as a temporary waiter, but, as he cheerfully admitted later, his "career" ended after only two days when he dropped an omelet at the feet of an important guest.

As the dust died away and the strikes (which had also affected the kitchens of some other London hotels, including Claridge's, the Dorchester, and the Berkeley) receded into the background, there was a calmer assessment.

It was announced that each member of the staff who had helped to maintain essential services during the disputes would be made a shareholder in the company by the gift of ten ordinary shares.

Film stars, journalists, and tourists from every part of the globe converged on the capital for Princess Elizabeth's wedding.

Almost since her teens the Princess had enjoyed going on to sup and dance at the Savoy, often after a visit to the ballet or the opera.

She and Princess Margaret never expected any special arrangements to be made for them. The manager waited at the private entrance in Savoy Hill and quietly led the party to their table, with the palace detective and the hotel's chief security officer unobtrusively in the background.

With a minimum of protocol and often short notice, Princess Elizabeth would sometimes arrive with her friends for a small supper party in one of the private suites from which they could watch the lights across the Thames.

To page 37



THE QUEEN, then Princess Elizabeth, with Prince Philip at a wedding reception in the Savoy's River Room. The Princess was bridesmaid to her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Vicary Gibbs.

Advertisement

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

SORE THROATS NEED Sucrets* LOZENGES



A PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCT OF MERCK SHARP & DOHME (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED
*TRADE MARK MC.Au/1.64



'UNBEARABLE' indigestion?



find quick relief Australia's favourite way with DeWitt's ANTACID POWDER & TABLETS

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919500

SHE'S A TWICE-A-DAY-TEK GIRL







Tek
TRADE MARK
Anti-Germ
TOOTHBRUSHES

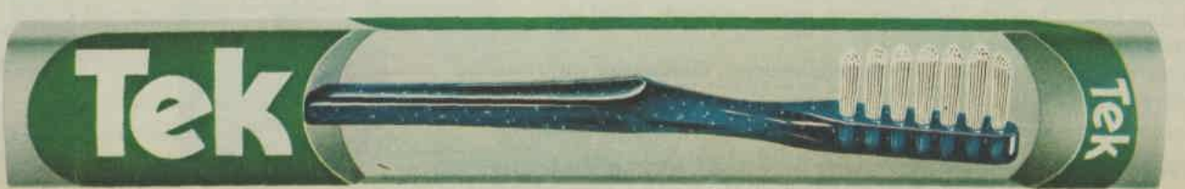


She has the twice-a-day TEK habit. Uses a TEK Anti-Germ — the only toothbrush with built-in germ fighting action to keep bristles free from germs. She knows it's smart to ask for TEK — it's the best toothbrush money can buy!

Johnson & Johnson

REMEMBER TO REPLACE YOUR WORN-OUT TOOTHBRUSHES REGULARLY. CHECK NOW!





T 3187

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919501

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding...



...and that's why Nestlé's make so many different infant foods.

You probably did not know that there are ten different Infant and Baby Foods made at Nestlé's. Each for a special feeding need. *Your doctor* is familiar with them all. For your baby's personal needs he will suggest the infant food that is special *for him.*

Through the years Nestlé's have learned the vital essentials of infant dietary care and have, through their research and experience, filled so many different infant feeding needs.

To Nestlé's, as to you, babies are very special people. That's why we take very special care.

Lactogen, Liquid Lactogen, Pelargon, Nestogen, Arobon, Nestargel, Maltogen, Nesmida, Strained Baby Foods, Junior Baby Foods.



Babies are very special people—that's why they need very special care

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919502

Continued from page 34

At one charity ball, Carroll Gibbons had to exercise all his good-humored diplomacy. Princess Margaret constantly requested sambas and rumbas, while her cousin, Princess Alexandra, sent over little notes for old-fashioned waltzes and Scottish reels.

Before the dance ended at 5 a.m., he had tactfully compromised by playing each royal request in strict rotation.

A smaller and more private dinner was held a few months later when King George VI became the first reigning British monarch to dine in a London hotel. The staff was on its toes, the red carpet in place, and Hofflin concealing his nervousness behind a composed mask as he waited to welcome and escort the King to the Lancaster Room.

With officers of the Royal Marines, the King dined at a table decorated in the corps colors and glittering with 10 sets of massive silver candelabra.

Some months later, Rupert D'Oyly Carte was taken ill while on holiday in Europe. He was flown back to London from Geneva, with a specialist in attendance, and not long afterwards died in his suite at the Savoy, aged 72.

Opera rights

His estate was valued at more than £300,000, including all the performing rights in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which passed first to Hugh Wontner and A. F. Moir, his executors, and then to his daughter and only surviving child, Bridget.

Among his bequests were 1000 Savoy shares each to Wontner and Miles Thorne-will, the Savoy company's vice-chairman.

Now without a chairman, the board of the Savoy decided to appoint Hugh Wontner, thus combining the offices of chairman and managing director for the first time since these were held by the hotel's founder, Richard D'Oyly Carte. Still only 40, the new chairman was in a position of overall responsibility on policy and administration.

Prowling grill-room and bars, the gossip-writers missed two attractive young women who were quietly chatting in the foyer one afternoon.

The Shah of Persia's lively sister, Princess Shams, had asked a lovely girl then at finishing school near London to join her for tea a few days later after meeting her at an embassy dinner.

Impressed by her vivacity and charm, the Princess sent her brother a note which said bluntly, "She is one of the most beautiful girls I have ever met. A good wife for you."

Photographs followed, and before long Soraya Esfandiary was on her way home for betrothal to the Shah.

Queen Soraya's next appearance at the hotel was at a banquet given by the Iranian Ambassador for 60 guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. From the Caspian came vodka and caviar, while fresh rhododendrons and azaleas were specially despatched from the Riviera.

Wearing a gown lined with mink, a glittering tiara, and emerald earrings carved like miniature bunches of grapes, the 21-year-old Queen stood with her husband on a vast Persian rug in the Lancaster Room to greet the 500 guests at the reception which followed.

The occasion was a social and diplomatic success, but the hotel detectives were more than relieved when the last of the limousines left the forecourt. At a modest estimate the women guests wore jewels worth more than a million pounds sterling.

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

Many of the Savoy's best couriers and inquiry clerks have started under the signal board at the Reception counter, entering the times of every visitor's summons from the floors above.

They lived briefly in an exciting world of celebrities, who rewarded them with handsome tips and often friendship. A dozen very proud pages were invited to a birthday tea-party by Mary Martin's small daughter, Heller, and presented her with a bouquet specially made up by the floral department.

Before the opening of *South Pacific*, Mary Martin stayed at the hotel for several weeks and won all hearts, including that of the usually immovable "Willy" Hofflin, who went to the opening night and cried like a baby.

After the premiere, at a mammoth supper party in the restaurant given by Rodgers and Hammerstein, 300 guests stood up and cheered frantically when the star walked in to the strains of *Some Enchanted Evening*.

The party continued in her suite on the fifth floor, where she sang and danced for hours. Her audience sat on the floor and included the Oliviers, John Gielgud, Diana Wynyard, and a score of celebrities from the American colony in London.

Hollywood stars were arriving in force, not all as diffident as John Wayne, who whirled each of his partners, including Margot Fonteyn, expertly round the floor but took to the hills as soon as fellow-dancers began to applaud.

Chain-smoking Hoagy Carmichael, in shirt sleeves and scarlet braces, lazily played the piano in his suite, one of the few guests who never visited the hairdressing salon and preferred to cut his own hair with the barber's scissors he had brought with him.

Gloria Swanson crackled with joy over her comeback in *Sunset Boulevarde*. She ate seaweed extract "for extra energy" and had a secret hoard of malted coconut, dates, figs, dried nuts, and a remarkable variety of other foods not chemically treated. She brought her own bread, herb tea, and essence of sesame oil and garlic which her friends sampled with varying degrees of appreciation.

Swathed in chinchilla and perfume she presided over a celebration party at which Marlene Dietrich danced with Michael Wilding.



***AS QUEEN OF PERSIA, Princess Soraya glittered with jewels at a Savoy banquet. Here she leaves a Milan theatre after the premiere of her film,* The Three Faces of a Woman.**

Festival drew crowds

The Festival of Britain brought a new surge of visitors. At the Festival offices in Savoy Court, the King and Queen inspected a model of the South Bank Exhibition, and soon afterwards, defying her doctor's warnings of a possible chill, Queen Mary watched the lights from a fourth-floor window until well past midnight, when to the surprise of her equerry and the lady-in-waiting she declined to go home and insisted on driving to see the floodlit St. Paul's Cathedral.

King Haakon of Norway was another guest fascinated by the sparkling view over the Thames.

On the eve of the Coronation, the hotel staged what has become known as "The Ball of the Century." The tickets at twelve guineas each were over-subscribed months in advance, and the 1400 guests who drove to the Savoy on Coronation Night through the packed singing crowds in the Strand were greeted by a spectacle of remarkable beauty.

For almost two days a team of workmen had carefully assembled the decorations designed by Cecil Beaton with the assistance of Miss D'Oyly Carte and others.

The restaurant had been transformed into an Elizabethan pavilion, a vast domed tent fashioned from 4000yds. of specially dyed and fireproofed silk and muslin in flamingo-pink, grey, and turquoise.

Coronets of ostrich feathers hung from the chandeliers, the pavilion effect enhanced by hundreds of bay and camellia trees, flanked by more than two tons of box-hedging in the shape of peacocks.

One of the few visitors unimpressed by the spectacle was Billy Rose, the American showman who had put on the World's Fair. Looking apathetically from his window he asked, "What's that?"

That, replied an indignant and patriotic floor waiter, was the great Festival of Britain.

"I'd like to help it," said Rose sympathetically.

Queen Elizabeth's Coronation brought a record number of bookings to the hotel, but one well-loved figure was missing. Taken ill in New York during the phenomenal run of *The King and I*, Gertrude Lawrence had been full of plans for a new play which Daphne du Maurier was coming over to discuss with her.

Sitting up in bed, flushed and excited but very near to death, she had called out to her secretary, "Be sure to write the Savoy and make certain of my room."

When the news of her death reached London, every theatre and cinema flashed off its lights in tribute, and many of the grill-room staff, who had known and loved her, were in tears.

Mock ermine

Arriving guests passed into the restaurant between 150 heraldic emblems, while fitting vividly into the decor were 16 Yeoman Warders from the Tower of London in full-dress uniform. The entrance to the ballroom was hung with mock ermine and every door on the ground floor had been covered with studded red velvet.

Soon after nine o'clock, the popping of more than 3000 champagne corks was temporarily muted by the Queen's speech, relayed throughout the hotel. An hour later many guests crowded to the windows or exuberantly climbed fire-escapes to the roof to watch the gigantic firework display on the South Bank across the river.

For an hour Maurice Chevalier and Noel Coward led a sparkling cabaret, which included sword-dancers and members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

Hundreds of the guests were still dancing at dawn when a breakfast of bacon and eggs was served.

On that memorable day the Savoy kitchens provided more than 11,000 meals, without ignoring special requests like that from El Mahdi of the Sudan, whose bread had to be baked without salt, or the numerous guests from India and Nigeria who ate in their suites sitting on the floor because their religion forbade them to us. leather chairs.

To page 38

NEW! NEW!



HERCO
OLIVOL SKIN LOTION
Now In New 4 oz.
PLASTIC CONTAINER

Only HERCO successfully combines pure Olive Oil and Lanolin into one superb skin lotion, which feeds these vital nutrients right to where they're needed . . . deep down in the under-tissues of the skin.

Hands especially benefit from this wonderful lotion. There's no other part of your skin which suffers so much from harsh work — and from such constant washing, which dries out the skin. But, with regular HERCO care, you can keep your hands smooth, soft and young-looking.

Start using HERCO today . . . buy it in the smart new plastic pack — only **6/-** for 4 oz. This pack costs no more but it's slim and trim — looks smart and cannot break. (Regular 3-oz. glass bottle — **4/6**.)

If you prefer a **cream,** ask for HERCO OLIVOL SKIN CREAM . . . it's the same in its composition and effect as HERCO Olivol Lotion. **4/9** per Tube.

Your skin needs
HERCO
OLIVOL SKIN LOTION
CONTAINING OLIVE OIL AND LANOLIN

— and these other fine HERCO products, too . . .

HERCO FACE LOTION with TURTLE OIL. When age lines begin to show on your face . . . that's when you need this unique Face Lotion containing Turtle Oil. In less than 2 weeks it will remove the obvious signs of your biological age. Available in 2 sizes — 3-oz. bottle **11/9** or beautifully designed 4-oz. plastic pack **15/6.**

HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO. Still the finest shampoo that money can buy but now in a new, plastic, salon-style pack . . . doesn't matter if you drop it in the shower — it won't break! HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO lathers luxuriously, leaving your hair soft, silky and easy-to-manage. 6-oz. plastic pack — **7/6.**

HANDS. Finest barrier cream ever made — prevents dirt, grime, grease, etc. entering the pores of the skin because it's Siliconised! Leaves hands soft and smooth. **5/6** per Tube.

HES3

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919503

Continued from page 37

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

There were other visitors like Roger Dolese, who had brought his family from Oklahoma and, finding the accommodation too small for them all, asked the management to knock down a wall between his suite and the one adjoining.

Enjoying the hotel and its service; they extended their visit to include the birth of a new baby, and promptly asked Dr. Gordon, the Savoy's much-liked doctor, to become godfather. They stayed altogether for two and a half years, their bill averaging nearly £1000 a week.

Another gesture was inspired by the Fuchs-Hillary expedition. When Vivian Fuchs arrived at Scott Base, he and his party were welcomed by a complimentary case of champagne and 4lb. of caviar, flown to New Zealand and taken on by a U.S. Navy aircraft.

Originally it had been planned to send a fully precooked five-course banquet, but Fuchs wired back: "I don't think we can do justice to a Savoy meal on a primus stove."

With the end of austerity, the Savoy reverted quickly to its traditional French cuisine.

But diners would never again take to multi-course meals, and an increasing number consulted diet sheets and called for grills and salads. The trend was for simpler, but excellently cooked, food, with sound clarets rather more in demand than the magisterial wines of the past.

Traditional British fare was requested more often than quail and truffles; kippers became suddenly popular; film stars like Cary Grant asked for sausage and mash; roast beef, mutton, and even the humble tripe and onions were in constant demand, with tea more favored at breakfast than coffee, even by Americans.

In a diet-conscious and less gracious age, gastronomic flattery has become rare and not always appreciated. As that epicure A. J. Liebling reported sadly, "If an actress had a dish named after her now the recipe would be four phenobarbital tablets and a jigger of Metrecal."

The Savoy is one of the few major hotels which decline to undertake outside catering.

Nevertheless, early one Sunday morning in October, 1954, the hotel felt compelled to break its rule, and accepted an unusual challenge. It was swathed in sleep, save for the night staff of 60 alert for any sudden orders for service.

The ballroom had closed, and only a few lamps burned in the grill-room, where breakfasts would be served from seven onwards.

The two always-illuminated signs, "Reception" and "Inquiries," picked out the figures of a few night clerks making notes in smooth copperplate. At the shadowy swing-doors, tall, grey-coated porters stood immobile like temple buddhas, but watchful for late visitors, and with one eye on the cards over the Head Porter's desk showing arrivals and departures for Atlantic liners.

At 2.30 a.m. a light flashed on the switchboard and the call was instantly passed to the Night Manager. At the other end, the polite voice of Mr. Eden's secretary at the Foreign Office apologised and announced an emergency. The Nine Power Conference at Lancaster House had been scheduled to end on the Saturday, but was to be extended by a day because of last-minute differences.

Luncheon for 150 delegates would therefore have to be provided, and Mr. Eden had personally suggested that the Savoy might come to the rescue.

To save time and bring the conference to an end that afternoon, the luncheon would have to be held at Lancaster House. In case it was a hoax, the call was traced back and quickly confirmed as genuine. The Night Manager promised to give an answer within a few minutes.

Since no equipment was available at Lancaster House, it would all have to be specially transported. The hotel staff, normally reduced at weekends, would also be later than usual in reporting for Sunday duties.

Within half an hour of the SOS, the Ministry was told that "luncheon would be served." The choice of wines and spirits was discussed and agreed, and the price of the meal settled at £2 a head.

Had to produce special passes

From long experience of diabetics, vegetarians, Moslems, and other special guests, meticulous maitre-chef Laplanche had already noted details of any individual preferences, like that of M. Mendes-France for fresh milk.

Before 10.45 a.m., the vans had delivered most of the basic equipment and supplies. A shuttle-service of private cars then took the head-waiter, 15 waiters, two barmen, and three platemen, who at once began to prepare the room and buffet. Everyone concerned in the operation had to produce special passes issued by the Ministry's security officer. The last van left the hotel at 12.30 p.m., and the buffet at Lancaster House was ready with everyone at action stations by three minutes to one.

In the 1950s, although opera and the legitimate theatre were still traditionally represented at the Savoy, the scene was dominated almost entirely by Hollywood and Broadway.

Film stars clicked in and out of the Savoy hotel like strips of celluloid through a moviola. Some came only for a Press reception, a studio luncheon, or the opening of a personal-appearance tour.

Interviews with film stars usually vary from the fatuous to the offensive, but Brigitte Bardot proved more than competent in dealing with them. Sheathed by Balmain, she was asked what she did with her evenings.

"Crossword puzzles," she replied sweetly.

When questioned about make-up by a woman reporter, she said, "I hate lipstick, because it makes troubles."

Shelley Winters, who later departed because the hotel's amenities did not include a turkish bath, had little patience for formal interviews. She received one reporter while in bed and using a hairdryer, which she handed to him with the suggestion, "Here, you dry and I'll talk."

In a packed Lancaster Room, Marilyn Monroe exhibited a nylon midriff at a Press reception at which Sir Laurence Olivier, her co-star in *The Sleeping Prince*, presided with great skill and charm.

To page 39



New spicy curry dish just the way you like it!

This is the true taste that has made curry a world favourite. Not too hot, not too harsh, just that delicious spiciness that makes winter meals a joy. Everything's right there in the pack. Plenty of golden egg noodles for four, and a rich, pre-cooked curry sauce that only needs heating.

TRY AN ALPINE NOODLE DINNER *Tonight!*

Try all four Alpine Noodle Dinners. One is sure to be your favourite; all of them will make a hit with your family.

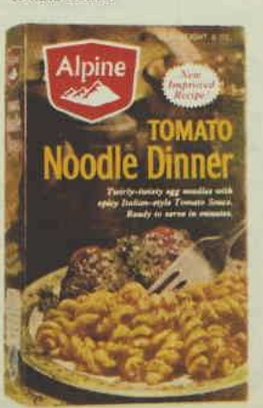
CHICKEN Tender egg noodles with delicious Italian-style chicken sauce.

TOMATO Appetising blend of real egg noodles with spicy tomato sauce.

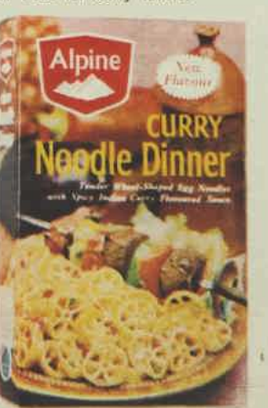
CHEESE A plate of golden sunshine! Egg noodle shells covered in cheese sauce.

CURRY New member of the Alpine Noodle Dinner family. A treat for curry lovers.









National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919504

THE SAVOY

The Romance of a Great Hotel

Continued from page 38

Her replies to questions were clear, intelligent, and entertaining. She then departed to Englefield Green to go for a "quiet" cycle ride with Arthur Miller, attended by only 50 photographers.

Studios usually paid dearly when they attempted to change the tradition of unlimited food and drink for something less conventional. After her marriage to Aly Khan, Rita Hayworth was unwisely projected as semi-royalty.

Embossed invitations were sent to critics, who were asked to form an orderly queue for the privilege of a few gracious words from the deity. Many declined, and poor Miss Hayworth was left marooned among liveried attendants and hand-wringing publicity men.

Away from the gossip-writers, most of the film celebrities liked to enjoy themselves in their own way. Ava Gardner would spend all day in Suite 505, reading scripts and playing gramophone records. She often dined in the restaurant before slipping away to a night-club. Passionately fond of dancing, her solo flamenco once cracked the glass floor at the Don Juan in Mayfair.

When the club closed at 5 a.m., she took the entire Latin American "combo" back to her suite, where she changed into slacks and sweater and danced mambos and cha-chas barefoot with Esteban, the band leader, for another two hours.

Like most of the glamorous actresses, she received an avalanche of love letters and offers of marriage. One practical amorist sent a lavish bouquet to her suite with a passionate plea for audience. When this was denied, he angrily asked a chambermaid to reclaim his flowers.

Zoo of dogs

Dorothy Dandridge arrived in a Rolls-Royce to appear in the hotel cabaret with a £10,000 wardrobe which filled her suite, but room had also to be squeezed for her small zoo of stuffed poodles, spaniels, and bulldogs and a library of books on psycho-analysis.

Lena Horne always turned up the central heating in her suite to near boiling point and relaxed in a bath-robe fastened at the neck by a huge safety-pin which had been her lucky charm for 12 years.

An actress who appeared more recently in cabaret at the Savoy was Juliette Greco. Her first visit to the hotel some years ago, when she was quite unknown except in the St. Germain cafes, was in answer to a telephone call from David Selznick, who had offered her a seven-year contract if she would agree to be groomed by Hollywood. She refused.

With chalk-white face under a raven Left Bank coiffure, she ate her meals alone in her room, wearing an old black leather raincoat over her pyjamas. On later visits she wore jeans at all times, but did not venture to drive her Thunderbird barefoot, as she usually did in Paris.

Ingrid Bergman, who had come to London for the ill-fated oratorio, *Joan of Arc at the Stake*, took its failure with great calm and cycled placidly every day in Hyde Park with her children.

Liberace beamed goodwill at the thousands of women who had greeted him at Waterloo and besieged the Savoy throughout his stay.

The telephone switchboard had to be reinforced, while pageboys scurried ceaselessly to and fro with mascots and gifts of every kind, from a miniature piano fashioned in flowers to a pillowcase with his cherubic features tenderly stitched by some devoted matron. On the baby grand piano in his sitting-room stood vases of yellow and red roses, replenished every day by his fan club.

Even this hysteria paled beside that which befell Danny Kaye, who had London at his feet after his sensational Palladium season. A favorite with the royal family and the quarry of every society hostess, he remained the most modest of all the hotel's colony of stars.

He would apologise charmingly for the added strain my old room with the river view."

Red Skelton was rather less enthusiastic. After paying his bill, he lamented, "The guy who took the money was Sir Jesse James. When you get in an elevator at the Savoy, they want to know whether you are travelling tourist or first class."

Simenon grumbled good-humoredly that this was the only hotel in Europe where he had to go up to his suite to enjoy his briar.

Prince Axel of Denmark, who lives at the Savoy when in London, was once politely asked by a waiter to put out his pipe in the grillroom.

Clifton Webb was a fashion-plate at all times and brought dozens of silk shirts which had to be tenderly laundered under his personal instructions. He was one of many visitors who returned home with ecstatic reports on the hotel's laundry service.

Several guests, including one Park Avenue doctor, remain so devoted that they continue to send their detached collars to be washed, starched, and returned at a cost of 5/- each, air freight included. The laundry has three machines for stiff collars; one for polishing, another for folding, and a third for curling them before they are aired and shot out into a porcelain tube for the shape and starching required by a guest.

Frank Sinatra liked to amuse himself and his Clan by wearing a bowler hat and swordstick umbrella. During one visit, the flood of mail and calls recalled the excitement of the Liberace and Danny Kaye circuses. His telephone bill for the ten days ran into several hundred pounds.

Among those who came to wish him well on his most successful charity stage tour was Princess Alexandra, whom he presented with an armful of his long-playing records. After his one-man show at the Festival Hall, he invited 30 guests to a celebration which began in his suite at 3 a.m. and ended with a five-course champagne breakfast.

Enormous bouquets and beribboned baskets of flowers arrived before, and after, a concert or premiere by Maria Callas.

As a guest, she is far from being the temperamental *prima donna* and insists only on her favorite suite, with its beige and white walls, and a special huge mirror over the fireplace.

She is only "difficult" and inaccessible before a concert, due to first-night nerves, when she will lock herself in her suite. Afterwards at supper, she delights friends like the Earl and Countess of Harewood and Dame Margot Fonteyn with sprightly talk, and is always first on the ballroom floor to dance the twist or any of the newer rhythms.

The opulent days of the maharajas and their enormous retinues are over.

When Sheik Rashid Din Saled from the Persian Gulf arrived with his bodyguard and a squad of cooks to prepare his curries, the hotel staff had brief visions of the old splendor. One night a page tapped nervously on the door of the Sheik's suite to deliver a message and was startled by the sound of explosions. Expecting murder or some crime, he saw the Sheik and his servants placidly sitting cross-legged on the floor in front of a television set, completely absorbed by Wyatt Earp.

Among today's princes is a guest like the Rajah of Faridkot, who still owns huge cotton estates in India but arrives with only one personal attendant, his physician. Wearing a turban above a Savile Row suit, he admits modestly to having 11 shirt-makers, ten cars, four light aircraft, and a taste for English bitter beer.

The Maharaja of Mysore, last of the princely rulers, is still one of the richest men in the world, with a fleet of Rolls-Royces glittering with ivory and gold fittings. Unlike his predecessors of pre-war days, he lives simply at the Savoy, attended by a secretary and two aides. In England, he spends most of his time lecturing university students in oriental art and philosophy.

However, the Aga Khan's 21st birthday party in December, 1957, brought an echo from the lavish past, with a hundred guests for dinner and twice as many at the buffet supper and dance.

A more formal occasion was the banquet given in the Aga Khan's honor by his disciples, many of whom had come from Pakistan, Persia, and Africa. The festivities opened with an Ismaeli love chant by two Pakistani ladies who took an hour and a half to render its 155 verses.

The economic difficulties and slow decline of London's clubs have led to the increasing use of the Savoy's private rooms for social and business rendezvous.

Sometimes, behind the closed doors of a private dining-room, matters are discussed which will never become public — or not for years to come.

A case in point: Hugh Wontner received an interesting letter from which he learned that the concept of the European Common Market first took root in the hotel. It was from Mr. E. N. van Kleffens, the former Dutch Foreign Minister.

Since the war, the hotel has been referred to in more than one satirical revue sketch as "the Bosses' Canteen."

With a staff-to-client ratio of three-to-one of its 500 residents, and a celebrated card-index system which records individual tastes in rooms, flowers, and pillows, a guest will be greeted by his favorite floor waiter with the particular brand of whisky or gin, even the mineral water, he is known to prefer.

Royal link

A special point was quickly fitted in his bathroom when it was learned that General Eisenhower had acquired a power-operated toothbrush. In the 10-room suite reserved for his staff at a Commonwealth Conference, Sir Robert Menzies was delighted when the management provided a short-wave radio so that he could listen to the early-morning commentaries on the fourth Test Match from Adelaide, and also installed a set in his car.

Despite all the ups and downs of history, the ancient Royal link with the Savoy remains to this day. The Queen is Lady of the Manor; the Savoy Chapel is a royal chapel and the home of the Royal Victorian Order.

Several years ago, when some assistance was needed in the royal household on domestic matters, including catering, Hugh Wontner's advice was sought. In recognition of his services, which he has continued to fulfil over a long period, King George VI conferred on him the M.V.O.

In Coronation Year, Queen Elizabeth revived in his honor the ancient household title of Clerk of the Royal Kitchens, which had lapsed early in the reign of Queen Victoria.

Today, the London hotel scene offers a fascinating and variegated pattern. Claridge's is indisputably the Rolls-Royce among the capital's hotels, the Ritz is the Daimler, and the Dorchester not unlike a Cadillac.

The new sleek and powerful hotels in Park Lane and Belgravia are still in the "running-in" stage, but would so far seem to be international models adapted to a right-hand drive. The Savoy has the thoroughbred racing pedigree and performance of the Rolls-Bentley.

After three-quarters of a century, the hotel has retained many cherished relics of its history, including the framed gold sovereign which Harry Rosenfeld handed over on the opening day, August 6, 1889.

For years to come, however, pride of place may well be given to an envelope which was recently sent to the hotel by a clerk in the G.P.O.

Someone had written from Czechoslovakia to request a luggage-sticker for his collection. His letter, addressed to "The Manager of the Greatest Hotel in London," was forwarded at once, with the pencilled suggestion, "Try Savoy Hotel, W.C.2."

THE END

● Condensed from the book "The Savoy," by Stanley Jackson, published by Frederick Muller Ltd., London.

Guest list of statesmen or stars



SIR ROBERT MENZIES . . . Radio to listen to Test broadcasts.



AVA GARDNER . . . Who received an avalanche of love letters.



ROCK HUDSON . . . Jived against regulations in the Savoy ballroom.

on the hotel's detectives, telephone operators, and stenographers and give the pageboys the cakes, fruit, and many other presents sent by admirers. The telephones in his room were nearly always off the hook.

His energy on and off stage was remarkable for one who ate and drank so little. In the grillroom he toyed with a sliver of smoked salmon and salad or a forkful of spinach, which he would casually aim at his eye. A meal with him was always a one-act clowning performance.

Waiters used to watch the Mexican film star Cantinflas with some nervousness.

Wearing the largest sapphire ring ever seen in the hotel, he had the supple fingers of the born conjurer and liked to amuse himself by popping live baby turtles into passing plates of soup.

Even more high-spirited was Curt Jurgens, who had come over to film *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness* opposite Ingrid Bergman. In the American Bar he would give a hilarious impression of Sophia Loren getting out of a tiny sports car in a very tight skirt.

Guests varied from the extrovert Rock Hudson, jiving against regulations in the ballroom, to shy, monosyllabic Gary Cooper, who, before leaving for his last visit to England, was asked by his studio what special arrangements he required. He replied tersely, "Just hire me a Rolls, and make sure of

Champagne breakfast

SORE THROATS NEED Sucrets* LOZENGES

A PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCT OF MERCK SHARP & DOHME (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED



*TRADE MARK MC.Au/1.64

Advertisement



KEEP the elbows smooth and lovely by using vitalizing cream every night. Cover the elbows with a film of cream and rub into the skin in circular movements until the skin becomes pink and soft looking. Regular care of the elbows with Ulan vitalizing night cream will keep them soft and smooth.

PREVENT COLDS take ANTI-BI-SAN

7 Tablets over 3 days for 3 month's immunity Children's treatment —3 tablets

Available at all chemists



Superfluous Hair Killed Quickly

by "EXHAIR." Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed. Send stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Confidential.

Janet Glanville, 247w Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

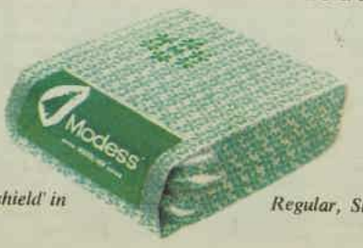
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919505



Modess

because

Modess has a full-length 'safety shield' for complete protection at all times plus a unique 'channel' for instant absorbency . . . and the exclusive Masslinn* cover for luxurious softness and extra comfort. Trust Modess. Made only by Johnson-Johnson



Exclusive full-length 'safety shield' in Regular, Super and Vee-Form by Modess

*Registered Trade Mark

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919506

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● *Austrian porcelain plate.*

● *Nineteenth-century plates.*



CAN you please give me information about these three plates (pictured right)? The navy blue one (single picture) with the woman's head in the centre has the marking 32 in gold on the reverse side. The dark blue ground is continued on the bottom of the plate. The white three-leaf pattern is raised. The shell-shaped plate has 27 in gold as its only markings. The highlights of the flowers in the pattern, and the stamens, are raised and white. The second plate in the picture with the shell plate has an indistinct mark on it and the word Minton. — Mrs. R. E. Summers, Glen Forrest, W.A.

Your navy blue plate with the woman's head is Austrian porcelain, Vienna, about 1885.

The shell-shaped plate is probably English Staffordshire, about 1880. However, similar wares were manufactured by Continental potters. The plate with the blue rim is English Minton porcelain — made about 1870.

★ ★ ★

COULD you give me information regarding a few pieces in my collection? One is a large oval fruit bowl, ridged and scalloped and patterned. It is stamped with a crown over the map of the world with Grimwade, Winton, Stoke-on-Trent with G.B. at the sides.

A plate depicting the landing of Captain Cook and the Proclamation of New South Wales as a British Possession, Botany Bay, 1779, is glazed and printed with a border of fishes, flowers, and fruit. It is stamped with the name Adams, est. 1654, and the word England.

I also have a genuine Wedgwood tiny serving plate of dark blue, stamped with a water nymph and the word Wedgwood.

I believe a pair of carved trinket boxes to be pewter. They were originally covered with silver substance and lined. They are in a rose pattern and stand on four turned legs. They are stamped 0328. — Mrs. Margaret Dupond, St. Marys, N.S.W.

The mark which appears on your oval fruit dish was first used by Grimwades Ltd. (Staffordshire) about 1906 and up to 1910-15. The Adams mark on the Cook plate was used from 1896 until early in this century.

There is not enough information for me to give you an answer about your Wedgwood item.

Your trinket box is Britannia metal which has been electroplated, about 1900.

OUR TRANSFER



ROOSTER motif is from Embroidery Transfer No. 223. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d postage.



Modess Belts

because

. . . an exclusive range with style to suit you
. . . complete comfort and security.
Always choose a MODESS* Belt.

MODESS DELUXE
MODESS ADJUSTA FORM
MODESS FINE FORM

Johnson & Johnson



VEE-FORM* BY MODESS

Made of luxury, all white nylon, the revolutionary VEE-FORM Belt lasts longer, washes and dries in minutes.*

*Regd. Trade Marks

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919507



No other nylons give you Fairyweb's 4 BLESSINGS

BLESSING 1 Top-quality BRI-NYLON.

BLESSING 2 Tailored heel for perfect fit.

BLESSING 3 Every pair guaranteed dependable.

BLESSING 4 Shillings below comparable brands.

Just check Fairyweb's 4 blessings again—and you'll agree that no other nylons have them all. Join the thousands of women who always wear Fairyweb. Like them, you'll bless Fairyweb for the way they look, the way they wear — and most of all for the shillings you save on every pair.

NON-RUN, SEAMFREE,

6/11

SEAMFREE MICROMESH OR SHEERS, 5/11



The Fairy-web GIRL-IN-RED

identifies Australia's largest-selling nylons.

WOOLWORTHS

Variety Stores and Supermarkets

Also at ASHLEYS (N.S.W.) ROCKMANS (VIC. & QLD.) EDWARDS & LAMB (QLD.)

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

LILIUMS —new and old

By R. H. ANDERSON

● Liliums have been called the aristocrats of bulbous plants, and certainly they have elegance, poise — and an occasional touch of flamboyance.

SOME have been grown in gardens for centuries, but in recent years liliums have received attention from hybridists, and new varieties of outstanding beauty have been developed.

There are about 80 species, mainly from China and Japan, but some from North America, the Himalayas, and Siberia. They are divided into three groups according to the way the flowers are borne, and their shape.

The **reflexed group** has the flowers drooping or horizontal (examples: L. auratum, L. speciosum).

The **trumpet group** has trumpet-shaped flowers, such as L. longiflorum, L. regale, and L. formosanum. The **upright group** has erect flowers, as in L. umbellatum.

For practical purposes the species are often divided into two groups according to their rooting habits.

One produces roots from the bulb only, whereas the other develops roots also from the stem between the bulb and the soil surface.

The main species and hybrids are:

L. AURATUM and hybrids (Golden-rayed Lily or Gold-band Lily), a lovely species. The fragrant flowers are white spotted with crimson and broad gold band. Stem rooting; lime-free soil.

L. SPECIOSUM and hybrids (Showy Japanese Lily). Fragrant flowers, white suffused with pink and spotted red. Several varieties and hybrids with color ranges in the petals and anthers. Stem rooting; lime-free soil.

PARKMANNI hybrids. These are hybrids between L. auratum and L. speciosum and have produced spectacular results, the vigor obtained from hybridisation producing flowers up to 12in. across. The celebrated Australian variety Jillian Wallace was one of the first major achievements.

The flowers are bright carmine, edged with white, spotted with crimson, and with a deep red stripe.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 183

L. MARTAGON and hybrids (Turk's Cap Lily). The species has reddish purple flowers with darker spots, and there is a white variety. The hybrids are mainly crosses between L. martagon and L. hansonii and have colors ranging from yellow and orange to lilac and purple, with maroon dots.

AURELIANS are hybrids between L. henryii and L. sargentiae. They have a wide range of shapes from trumpets to star-shaped flowers with color variations in white, lemon, gold, and apricot. These liliums are becoming popular, as they stand hard conditions and are excellent garden plants.

Other species include:

L. TIGRINUM (Tiger Lily), a well-known lilium and one of the oldest plants in cultivation. It produces purple bulbils in the leaf axils, from which new plants can be easily propagated. Prefers filtered shade, but is often grown in full sun. There are several varieties and hybrids in pinks and white. Stem rooting.

L. LONGIFLORUM (November Lily or Christmas Lily). A well-known species with slender trumpet-shaped pure white flowers up to 7in. long, with golden anthers, sometimes greenish at the base of the trumpet. Does well in filtered shade or full sun.

L. HANSONII, a hardy lily not commonly grown, with orange-yellow flowers, spotted purplish-brown. Seems to prefer a cold winter climate.

L. HENRYII, a hardy, easily grown, late-flowering species with apricot-yellow flowers, often with a green centre line. Stems can be 8ft. tall. Stem rooting.

L. REGALE (Royal Lily) has fragrant trumpet-shaped flowers, white with yellow throat, and more or less wine-colored on the reverse side. A popular species, easily grown.

L. CANDIDUM (Madonna Lily). Pure white trumpet-shaped fragrant flowers up to 5in. long and with golden anthers. Widely grown in older gardens, but rather subject to botrytis disease. The bulbs need shallow planting about 1in. below the surface, and are best planted in January and February.

There are a number of other species often grown by lilium enthusiasts, but not always available from nurserymen.

SOIL AND POSITION

Liliums will grow in most garden soils, but prefer a fertile, open, friable, and slightly acid one.

Most species resent lime, but a few such as L. candidum, L. martagon, and L. henryii are more tolerant.

Humus in the soil is essential for good results.

Light requirements vary with the species. Some do best in filtered shade, but most will tolerate open sunny positions, provided the soil is kept cool with mulching or by other plants.

Liliums are happy in the company of other plants, especially azaleas, ericas, and low-growing shrubs and perennials which do not have aggressive roots.

The one requirement which cannot be neglected in any way is perfect drainage. Stagnant conditions at any time of the year are usually fatal, as they generally cause basal rot.

Many growers, especially of the choicer varieties, prefer to grow them in containers, as conditions, especially drainage, can be effectively controlled.

Suitable containers are 12in. pots, four-gallon drums, or tubs. After providing at least 3in. of drainage, a potting mixture consisting of two parts loam, two parts leafmould, one part finely crushed coke, one part coarse sand, and some bone meal can be added.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 184

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919508

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK



POT CULTURE is favored by Lilium enthusiasts. This excellent hybrid is Lilium rouce parkmani.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 185

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



LILIUM AURATUM "APEX." Plants of the L. auratum species keep their fragrance and have lovely hybrids.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 187

PROPAGATION

Liliums are grown from bulbs, bulblets, aerial bulbils, bulb scales, or seed.

The bulbs consist of overlapping fleshy scales, and vary greatly in size, from 1 to 12in. They differ from many other bulbs in that they do not have a truly dormant period, and for this reason are usually left in the soil. If they become overcrowded they can be lifted and thinned out in autumn; but never let the bulbs become dry.

The new bulbs which have formed around the old ones are removed and replanted immediately (take care not to let them dry out in any way).

Some species develop small bulbs or bulblets above the main stem, and these can be lifted out carefully in early autumn and planted.

Propagation from bulb scales is not difficult, and is the most common method used by commercial growers.

Several of the outer scales are broken from the bulb in early autumn, or when the plants are in flower, and planted in a seedbox or prepared bed containing a light porous soil. Alternatively, they can be planted in a mixture of equal parts of peat moss and sand.

Small bulblets appear along the scale edges after 8-10 weeks, when the scales are removed, and potted in John Innes potting mixture. Never allow the scales to get too wet.

The new bulbs will flower in two or three years.

Aerial bulbs or bulbils appear in the axils of the leaves in some species such as L. tigrinum, and these can be collected when about to fall naturally and planted about 1in. deep in a good sowing mixture such as John Innes mixture.

Liliums can also be grown from seed.

Bulbs of most liliums may be planted from April to June.

Depth of planting varies with the species, the average depth being 4-6in. Stem-rooting varieties are planted deeper than others, and sandy soils require deeper planting than heavy ones.

Always have the ground well prepared before planting. The bulbs should be 12in. apart and planted in clumps of 8-12 for best appearance. Drums or tubs can take two or three bulbs.

Many growers place a handful or two of sand or gravel on the bottom of the hole, sitting the bulb on this to ensure drainage. After planting, mulch the soil with any suitable material and mark the bulb's position.

MAINTENANCE

Liliums need constant moisture during spring and summer, but watering can be slowed down or withheld after the plants have flowered, and during winter.

It is best to apply the water by gently soaking the soil, avoiding overhead watering as much as possible, as this increases disease.

Manures and fertilisers will help growth, but must be carefully used. A top-dressing of well-rotted animal manure, compost, or leaf-mould is beneficial, and artificial fertilisers can be used sparingly.

DISEASES

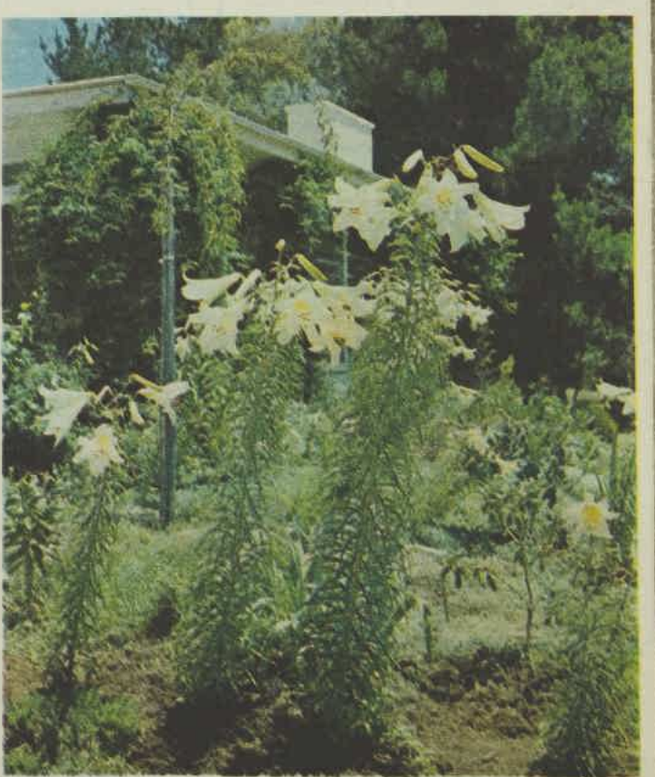
Basal rot, botrytis, and virus are the main diseases. The first occurs mainly in badly drained soils, and destroys the whole bulb.

Botrytis affects the plant above ground and appears as spots on the leaves, later becoming like a mould and spreading to other parts. Spray regularly with Bordeaux mixture.

Slugs and snails have a liking for the new growth and should be checked.

When obtaining bulbs, never accept flabby ones which have begun to deteriorate.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 186



CENTIFOLIUM LILIUMS. Pictures at Mr. and Mrs. H. Sutton's garden, Burradoo, N.S.W., by Ron Berg, staff.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 188

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919509

Advertisement

Beauty Salon Hints



Mrs. M. Reynolds
Beauty Skin Care Consultant

A YOUTHFULLY radiant skin is the desire of every woman, particularly those whose first youth has passed. In fact, many leading beauticians say that their most vibrantly attractive clients will never see forty again.
The way to keep your attractive good looks is to make a 'must' of simple daily care. This will help Nature to make you feel and look more youthfully beautiful.
Here are some suggestions to help you on your way to radiant loveliness.

Beauty in Maturity

MANY beautiful women retain their complexion radiance, even though they are in their mature years, because they keep their skin in a youthful state of elasticity and firmness. Very important is to guard against loss of chinline contour and drooping chinline. To achieve this, massage nightly with Ulan vitalizing night cream and for daytime care, smooth the face and neck with oil of Ulan before making-up. This provides the perfect matt surface whilst helping to maintain tissue firmness.

A Beautiful Neck

A BEAUTIFUL face deserves a beautiful neck . . . routine toning is of immense value for it prevents the neck and throat from becoming slack and lined. Soak a pad of cotton wool in lemon Delph freshener and briskly pat both neck and throat in an upward and outward direction, whipping up the circulation so that sluggish skin cells are re-activated, and any tendency to sallowness is corrected. Follow this with a smoothing of moist oil of Ulan to give the neck clear, smooth beauty.

A Beauty Facial

AN occasional facial steaming will do wonders for your complexion. Commence by cleansing the face and neck thoroughly with a mild cleanser, then lubricate the skin with a little tropical oil of Ulan. Pay particular attention to the sensitive areas surrounding the eyes ('crow's-feet lines) where a little extra oil should be gently tapped in. With a towel over your head, steam over a basin of hot water for a few minutes to soften the skin and clear the pores.
When the warmth has stimulated the circulation, dry off with a soft towel and then massage in a further film of Ulan oil to give the surface skin silky softness and milk-like loveliness.

Child Cranky?

Try this for overnight recovery

Is your child cross, tired, furry-tongued, or without appetite? Suspect temporary constipation. At bedtime, give one or two squares of chocolate Laxettes, the safest, surest children's laxative known. Laxettes are eaten like regular chocolate, and there's no taste but the chocolate. They work gently while the child sleeps; next morning the constipation attack is over. The child is happy and well again. Get Laxettes today. Only 3/6 in the air-sealed pack. "When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes."

L-A60

Continued from page 19

THE SOUND OF HIS LAUGHTER

Linda still writhed at the recollection of it, the awful shock and humiliation; the hours of crying in the darkness of her room — why? why? Her life seemed to have lost all direction; seemed, in fact, never to have had any direction before that autumn evening when Jonathan walked home from the office with her father.

She heard the two of them shouting with laughter. She could not identify the extra voice, since her eyes were gummed shut with the yolk of egg and lemon juice. She simply stumbled to the bathroom, her eighteen-year-old dignity outraged, and washed it all off, ten minutes before the recipe said; then went back to the living-room.

"Father, you really are the end! I'm right in the middle of a face pack and the lounge needs vacuuming and mother's out and there's not a thing for dinner—"

They both began to laugh again, and the young man said: "That is certainly the most piquant invitation a fellow ever had. How can I possibly resist?"

Linda looked at him, furious, looked into his sparkling almost navy blue eyes, and she was still.

He turned out to be her father's latest protege, an architect re-designing the offices of her father's firm.

THEY had all prepared dinner together, with Jonathan directing operations, and ended up with a spicy *ragout* and a salad reeking of garlic.

"But," Jonathan explained, "if we all eat it no one will offend anyone else." And he kissed her to prove it.

And he went on kissing her throughout that marvellous winter, with her parents continuing to approve. No one could resist Jonathan. He met her almost daily outside the surgery where she worked and took her to a hundred places she had never visited before. Everything they did together was unpredictable and quite delightful.

They argued interminably. Linda had strong, untutored views on almost everything; Jonathan was more tolerant and guarded in his opinions. He called her a little peasant, and so she tried to think before she spoke; he laughed at her uproariously, and she learnt to laugh at herself.

Only on one subject was Linda better informed than he. Linda loved pottery. The subject left Jonathan unmoved. Yet he marvelled at the austerity of her taste, and frequently teased her about her "passion for junk."

One idiotic incident remained in Linda's memory. They were strolling hand in hand down a busy street when Jonathan stopped before a window of imitation Chelsea statuettes. "Darling, aren't they superb! What artistry! Let's buy half a dozen and put them away for the future, shall we?"

Linda was outraged. "Jonathan, no! They are rubbish."

"Rubbish or not, I think they're gorgeous!" cried Jonathan, and marched into the shop.

Linda stood outside, trembling with irritation and with incredulity. Jonathan emerged at last and placed in her hand a tiny silver locket of exquisite design. She burst into tears.

"I can't resist teasing you," he said. "You would forgive me for trying to rob the Bank of England — but never the purchase of a mass-produced shepherdess . . ."

Then, unbelievably, he was gone. There came that strange day when Jonathan phoned Linda's mother to ask if he could bring a girl to visit them — an old friend he hadn't seen for years. She had come for the weekend to say goodbye to his family before sailing to an exchange teaching position in Sydney.

Linda was perfectly willing to entertain this dear old spinster for Jonathan's sake. She set out the best sherry glasses and prepared a tray of savories. The doorbell sounded, and her father answered it.

There was an interval of introductions, and then he tiptoed to the kitchen and closed the door behind him. "Don't get agitated, Linda, but Jonathan's old spinster is quite a dish."

Linda flew to renew her make-up and change her frock, but even so she was a daisy beside Jonathan's orchid. In a haze of misery she got through the evening, listening to a lot of blurred small-talk about Australia and a lot of gay reminiscing.

When they had gone Linda's mother came to her room with cocoa and sat on the end of the bed. "After all, darling, Jonathan is just a friend of the family. It's not as though there has ever been anything serious between you two . . . We must not jump to conclusions, you know . . ."

"Nevertheless," vowed Linda tearfully, "when she has gone a few things are going to be clarified between Mr. Darwin and me!"

Nothing was ever clarified because nothing was seen of Jonathan from that day onward. He fled in the wake of his golden orchid to the other end of the earth. He wrote to Linda's parents from time to time, telling them about his work in factory design; about the dry territory where he lived, and once about the girl who — so he said — had married a Queensland tobacco grower.

Linda affected complete boredom at the mention of his name, and insisted that, in their letters to him, her own name should never be mentioned. Nothing should ever be said that he could interpret as heartbreak or retaliation. She would simply cease to exist for him.

But something had to be done with the life that Jonathan had begun to remould. Linda felt discontented with her position as doctor's secretary, and decided to study mothercraft nursing. She was said to be marvellous with children. Her reputation travelled by word of mouth until now — four years later — she was in great demand.

She had, in fact, gone from one position to another for the past eighteen months without a break. She loved her work, her foster children. She loved the brief occupancy of other people's homes, and would often allow herself to dream that the gracious house was hers. Perhaps that was why the idea had come to her so easily.

Margery and Harry Spencer were old friends, at present on holiday abroad. Their three-year-old daughter knew Linda very well, and the six-month-old baby demanded nothing from life but food and sleep. She regarded her month's stay in their house almost as a holiday — a holiday which was being rapidly ruined by her mother's disturbing news.

Linda lay back in Mr Spencer's favorite chair and tried to sort out her emotions. Sharply the phone rang.

"Linda?"

"Yes."

"Jonathan Darwin here. I'm just back in England and feeling rather forlorn. I'd like to look you up some evening if—if you don't mind . . ."

"Why, of course, Jonathan. I'd love to see you. Why not tonight? Leave it until about eight o'clock so that the children will be out of the way."

Then the pause while the arrow flew home. Jonathan seemed unable to find anything further to say. It had been as easy as that.

Linda surveyed herself in Mrs. Spencer's mirror. She wore a new dress which emphasised her slimness, had found a thin plain ring and put it on. Closing her eyes she tried to visualise the person she had been when she last saw Jonathan Darwin, but could only recall a rosy, unselfconscious teenager who said whatever came into her head.

IT was important that she should now be infinitely more desirable and completely inaccessible. Leaning close to the mirror to apply a trace of eye shadow, she wondered who had said that revenge is sweet.

"Why you all done up tonight?" Little Margery Spencer stood in the door of the guest room, rosily beautiful in her pink pyjamas.

"Because I'm expecting a visitor."

"Can I stay up and see?"

"No, I —" But the devil which had taken charge of Linda's brain immediately saw the touching possibilities of this idea, and so she added, "Very well, then."

The doorbell sounded. Calmly she surveyed herself for the last time, and — satisfied — moved down the hall, Margery bringing up the rear.

He looked just the same — distressingly, wonderfully the same.

"Well, Jonathan, it's good to see you again. You disappeared so suddenly I don't think I even said goodbye!" The casual little laugh which followed these words sounded effective in Linda's ears. "Let's sit in the lounge. It's my favorite room."

To page 46

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting June 2

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
★ Romance is favored 2nd-4th, but not so, 6th-7th. Act at the beginning of the week—the end grinds to a halt. Crossed mental wires could lead to wrong decisions, perhaps accident.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, red, silver. Lucky days, Wed., Monday.
★ Main focus on finance. Watch the purse strings—you might have to resist an urge to splurge, 7th. Love and romance receive the stars' blessing on the 4th. First part, the better.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, jade. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ You have a hectic month ahead. Your agile ruling star locks horns often, and gives you plenty of change. The 5th and 7th your best days. Act then—bad stars around the corner.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ It's a case of walking quietly and vetting anything you sign, write, or say. There are glamor stars for romance, 2nd-3rd, but end of the week discourages anything new.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Marriage, partnerships, the choosing of associates, are benefited 2nd-3rd. Watch out for cloak-and-dagger influences — a friend could be undermining you. 6th-7th good for home, family.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ The 2nd-3rd give an assist to personal matters, but it's best to rate the week unhelpful. There's a good patch 6th and a.m. 7th, but you could find yourself coming to a stop later.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, yellow, tan. Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
★ You'll have a hard time balancing those scales this week —troublesome stars could tend to upset the judgment. However, there could be financial gain by speculation and a lucky stroke.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Friends and associates could play a dominant role in your life, mainly adverse. Best to hole up and wait, although 2nd-3rd, 6th-7th could see a wish come true.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Your guiding star gives you a lucky break, 5th-7th. There could be a lowering of barriers and expansion. Otherwise the planets play a sort of tug-of-war, which spells caution.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ The unusually glamorous could surround all to do with love and romance. The 2nd, 3rd, and 5th-7th favor the flutter, but count the other days adverse, especially 8th which could delay and drag.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.
★ Love and romance are featured, but mainly with sad overtones. However, 2nd-3rd could see a surprise boost in a new idea from a friend, and 5th-7th helps love to prosper considerably.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, gold. Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
★ Although the 5th-7th brings a happy ray on the love life, married folk could otherwise find it a bit dim. The 2nd-3rd could help career—a door opens with a more distant view.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words, articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919510

Dress Sense

By

BETTY KEEP



● This Chanel-type suit with a braid trim is my design choice for an all-purpose daytime suit. The query comes from a reader.

HERE is part of her letter, with my reply:

"I want a pattern for an easy-to-make suit which I can wear for the usual daytime occasions. Nothing too formal, and something suitable for a mild winter climate. I'm SSW fitting."

The open jacket look and slim skirt (see picture at right) would be a perfect suit design to wear in a mild climate. Have the suit made in fine wool. It will take 3¾yds. of 54in. material, and the braid in a contrast. Beige for the suit and white for trim would be an attractive color twosome.

The blouse is not included in the pattern. Under wthe illustration are further details and how to order.

"I am new to Australia and have taken a job in the country teaching small children. Would you tell me the sort of clothes I will need to take?"

Look for comfortable outfits that are easy to move in. For winter, sweaters and overblouses worn with an A-line or pleated skirt would be excellent. Add a cardigan, a good warm topcoat, leather shoes with medium boxy heels, and a raincoat and umbrella.

Take several wool dresses to change into at night, choosing them in pretty and becoming colors.

"I am planning a ski holiday and wondered if you would tell me the necessary clothes to take. Can I hire boots?"

You can rent equipment—skis, stocks, and boots — and you also need to buy or borrow the following basics:

One pair of ski pants, one hooded parka, two pullovers, one or two pairs of greasy wool ski socks and two pairs of lighter weight ones to wear underneath, one pair of wool mittens and one pair of leather over-mitts, wool or fur cap, goggles, and three skivvies to wear under pullovers and parkas.

For apres-ski you can wear any casual clothes, such as slacks (warm), and pullover, or short skirt, warm stockings, and pullover or top.

"I am finishing off a velveteen frock and wondered if the slide fastener should be put in by hand."

Yes it should. A hand finish will help give the dress a high-fashion look.

6346.—Two-piece suit in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18, for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6346. Price 7/6 includes postage. Pattern available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Would you please tell me the right way to take my measurements for my correct pattern size?"

To determine your correct pattern size wear your usual girdle or foundation garment. Measure your bust around the fullest part, raise tape a little at back. Measure waistline at smallest part and measure hips about eight inches below normal waistline.

"Please suggest a detail or trimming to give a jumper suit in brown silk a newer look. The top has a round neckline and is quite straight. The skirt is A-line."

First make sure the hem of your skirt just skims your knees—this is the fashionable skirt length. Give the top a new look via a scalloped trim at neck and hemline.



Where else do three great races present the many faces of their culture.

Who discovered SINGAPORE?

We did! The travel agent started it by explaining it wouldn't cost a penny more to stop-over in Singapore, on our way to Europe. On those terms who would miss the chance to go on a voyage of discovery! So we came to Singapore. The friendly, cosmopolitan people welcomed us to their fascinating country and we were set fair to uncover an array of spectacle and excitement that gave real meaning to the saying—'You see more of the Orient in Singapore.' Take a glimpse at this magical island with us and you too will be taking the first steps towards discovering wonderful Singapore.

SIGHTSEEING—Why see the world when there's Singapore? See the rest of the world by all means—but don't miss Singapore! Where else do three great races present the many faces of their culture, their pageantry and their costume and their customs. Only on this fabulous Island can you see the Festival of lights—The Mooncake Festival—The Chinese New Year celebrations—The Thaipusam devotions and the Malay pageant of Hari Raya Puasa. Only in Singapore can you, in one day, visit the Muslim Mosques—the Indian and the Chinese temples —the Tiger Balm Gardens and the House of Jade. Even whilst you are marvelling at this many splendoured spectacle, you thread your way through a tapestry of costumes and colours that excites your eyes as only Singapore can.



WEST AUSTRALIANS, do you know that it is almost as cheap to travel to Singapore as it is to visit Sydney. In about the same time that it takes to fly from Perth to Sydney you could be setting foot in the heart of the Orient—Singapore.

For lots of exciting information, consult your travel agent about your stop-over in Singapore or write to Singapore Government Tourist Information Service, 15 Grosvenor Street, SYDNEY, 343 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE or Industry House, CANBERRA.

Singapore

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919511

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — by TIM



Continued from page 44

"It's my favorite room, too," said Margery companionably, perching on her own small stool.

Linda laughed. "This is Margery."

"And where—?" Jonathan looked expectantly into the hall. "Where is Mr. Spencer?"

"Oh, abroad," supplied Margery. "But only for another week."

"Now that you've inspected Mr. Darwin," commanded Linda gently, "off to bed!"

"Goodnight, you two!" cried the child, and disappeared.

"What an adorable little girl."

Linda noticed with some satisfaction that Jonathan seemed less and less at ease.

"You might as well meet Simon, too." She smiled, rising and leading the way to the exquisite blue-and-white nursery. In the dim light from the hall they leant over the sleeping child, their heads close together. Linda played the part of radiant young mother for all she was worth.

Take note, Jonathan Darwin. All this warmth and beauty was yours for the asking, and you chose to throw it away . . .

"He's a fine boy," remarked Jonathan. There was no expression in his voice. Linda laughed softly and led him from the room.

"I'm boring you stiff with domesticity!" she cried. "Let me get you a drink, and then you must tell me all about your life as a wild colonial boy. Let me see if I can remember . . . Scotch on the Rocks."

His voice was abrupt. "No, that must be someone else. I rarely drink spirits at all. Ale for me."

For a moment a pang shot through Linda's heart. As if she could ever forget a single one of his likes or dislikes. And there was so much sadness in his voice. "Linda —"

She looked with gentle inquiry into the hated — loved — familiar face. He spoke in a rush.

"Linda, there were several things I wanted to say to you. Most of them, as your mother tried to warn me, have become inappropriate now. But one thing must be said. I often wanted to beg your forgiveness for taking so much for granted and then for disappearing the way I did, like an irresponsible teenager.

"I confess I was—bemused—by a sophisticated girl, and failed to realise that I meant nothing in particular to her . . .

"Later, I wanted to write to you. But you were so young and serious. Your values were so black and white; it would have been impossible to make you understand . . . In the end I was cowardly and didn't even try . . ."

Linda achieved a rippling laugh. "But, Jonathan, this is all past history now! Surely you haven't been worrying all these years over some imagined injury you did me! How untypical of our jolly old Jonathan!"

Her words seemed to offend him. He opened his mouth to speak, but, instead, drained his glass and rose. He went to the table, where he stubbed out his cigarette.

"When I find a bachelor establishment you and your husband must come to its warming." His voice was flat and polite.

"We'd love to." Linda rose, too, trying to stifle the painful beating of her heart. How much longer could she hold back her tears?

SHE tripped beside him down the richly carpeted hall. He paused once and said: "It's good to find you so—happy and—surrounded by the good things of life—"

Suddenly Jonathan stopped beside a little alcove in the Regency-striped front hall. He was staring down at a small display of pottery poodles—the joy of Mrs. Spencer's heart.

Why is he playing for time? wondered Linda. Her plan had worked to perfection; if he were vulnerable at all, she must have wounded his pride, if not his heart. But where was the expected satisfaction, and what was he waiting for now?

Suddenly, with a movement too quick to be forestalled, he turned and his eyes looked straight into hers. "Dear Linda, you know I love you. More tonight than ever, because tonight I know how much you must have cared for me . . . I swear I shall spend my whole life making up for that insane mistake. Can you ever forgive me?

"Doesn't it mean a thing," he whispered, "that I came back at last and risked a lynching at your family's hands?"

She gazed at him in wonder. "Why can you always see right through me as though I were glass? Didn't I succeed in deceiving you at all?"

"Of course you did. You almost succeeded in breaking my heart. But Linda, dearest, you were never one to care for detail—"

"What do you mean?"

"I was prepared to believe that your adorable spontaneity could have vanished with your teenage plumpness; that your resentment could enable you to distort the past; and even that you had developed a new vanity in material things . . . But never in a month of Sundays would you ever decorate a house with pottery poodles!"

And all of a sudden the years rolled back, and Linda was staring enraptured into those almost navy-blue eyes and listening to the dearest sound in the world — the sound of Jonathan's laughter.

(Copyright)

THE SOUND OF HIS LAUGHTER



For every home (people love polished floors)

Hoover Automatic Scrubber-Polisher polishes and shines better–faster! Suds as it scrubs automatically!

Are you one of the many who love polished floors — but hate the work! Then forget it! There's a machine made specially for you — the Hoover Automatic Scrubber-Polisher — the world's fastest, most rewarding way to polish floors!

Makes your polished floors gleam with a wonderful new shine — the sort of shine you've tried for years to achieve. And it's so easy — and fast! Hoover's bigger bristle area (50% more than any other polisher) gives you a faster shine — with a deeper, more lustrous finish. (*Scrubs better, too!*)

The contra-rotating brushes (turning *towards* each other), hold the machine steady. It never twists or wanders. *It suds as it scrubs* — automatically — and an extra wide suds-guard keeps all the suds on the floor and off your walls! And this is the only Scrubber-Polisher that shampoos carpets.

Everyone will admire your polished floors — and you'll have much more time to enjoy them. Have the Hoover Automatic Scrubber Polisher demonstrated at any Hoover retailer. Special trade-in allowances are now being made.

HOOVER GIVE YOUR HOME THAT SPOTLESS HOOVER LOOK

HA157

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919512

Just how strict should parents be?

Toughness or softness isn't the big question in discipline. Here's what really counts.

Every parent wants to be able to say, "My children know how to behave. I can take them anywhere." And, while these moppets are exhibiting a parent's skills in child training, aren't all parents inclined to indulge in a little self-satisfaction, to think how successful they are?

By JEAN E. LAIRD in collaboration with DR. DALE B. HARRIS.

ACTUALLY, what do parents wish to achieve by child-raising standards of strictness and codes for public manners? More than stark obedience, I'm sure.

They want their children to grow up to be adults who are responsible, aware, and thoughtful of other people—who understand good behaviour in the fullest sense of the word. But in what cases should parents be strict in order to train responsible youngsters?

Some years ago, Dr. Dale B. Harris, Professor of Psychology at Pennsylvania State University, studied the attitudes of some three thousand children in cities, small towns, and rural areas.

This survey revealed many interesting truths concerning the value of strictness in the parental task of training children to be dependable and responsible.

"One widely accepted view among parents is that strictness concerning home duties or chores has something to do with instilling attitudes and habits of responsibility," said Dr. Harris. "Our results showed very clearly that this is not necessarily so.

"We found that the number and kind of chores or home duties a child is obliged to carry out are unrelated to his attitude of responsibility."

In fact, suggests Dr. Harris, it seems that too many urgent and serious duties, assumed too early, can have an adverse effect.

This doesn't mean that Dr. Harris feels children should not be given home duties. On the contrary.

He does feel, however, that parents should share in children's chores. Parents should give children "important, serious work to do, and not just the chores they themselves dislike," he said.

Dr. Harris found that parents of the three- to ten-year-old group were strictest about such juvenile behaviour as defiance, dawdling, and disobedience.

Defiance, as seen in a deliberate "no," a slap, or a kick from a child, is seldom tolerated by parents today. (Most parents admitted their children had tried either physical or verbal abuse at one time or another.)

Selma Fraiberg, child psychotherapist, points out, "A child is very frightened about his inability to control aggression. He is actually relieved when a parent steps in and puts the brakes on for him."

Though disobedience is usually met with strictness, most parents will give a small tot more leeway than an older child, of course.

But parents seem to feel that if the habit of obedience isn't recognised as a "must" during a child's early years they stand a slim chance of being obeyed when the child is older.

Over all, it isn't strictness, or the lack of it, which helps build a child's sense of responsibility. It's fairness. The brand of justice your child experiences will form his attitudes toward fair play—at home and outside.

When an older child is in conflict with a younger one, for example, parents are apt to judge the older child a bully, fairly or not.

Dr. Harris says that fairness also involves the discussion of family issues.

"Parents should take the time and trouble to explain to children why they as parents must make certain decisions that affect the whole family — such as the kind of car they buy and how extensive and expensive the family vacation can be," he said.

"When parents explain in reasonable terms why they are concerned over their child's behaviour — or why they disapprove of certain movies or television programs, they are giving their children clear-cut examples of family values.

"Too often family discussions become wrangles simply because parents do not attempt to see the problems from their youngsters' point of view or to make clear the reasons for their own position."

However, Dr. Harris warns that "attempting to grasp the child's point of view should not be confused with indulgence or unwise permissiveness. Make every effort to show that your requirements are based on reason and experience—then firmly hold on to those requirements."

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Whether parents intend to be strict or lenient with children, their own basic attitudes are contagious.

Dr. Harris says: "My guess is that fair-minded parents who make the basic assumption that their children are trustworthy, and that most people are basically decent and honest, are more likely to have children who show attitudes of dependability and responsibility."

Strictness is probably most controversial when it comes to the matter of punishment. To spank or not to spank has been disputed for decades—and always will be.

Some mothers advocate a good swat on the backside, others shout.

Actually, it is doubtful whether spanking or yelling at a child does very much good . . . or serious harm.

One mother says, "Making them go to their rooms is more effective than spanking, in our house." Another parent observes, "My children can amuse themselves for hours on end in their own rooms — so what kind of punishment is that?"

"What did we do before TV?" asks one mother. "Mine really know I mean business when I threaten to turn off the set."

How many times do parents wish they could be more consistent and not mete out discipline according to how they feel at the time? This, after all, is the key to discipline.

If youngsters understand what parents consider acceptable behaviour and what is out of bounds, and if parents' responses are consistent, children won't harbor the feeling of injustice—no matter what method of punishment is used.

Adults who remember their own childhood with joy usually try to copy their parents' methods of child-rearing. Adults with unhappy childhoods often react bitterly against their own upbringing and try an entirely different approach with their youngsters.

Extremely strict parents can be found in both categories. What makes the difference?

The adults in the happy category had parents who loved them and let them know it . . . appreciated the things they did and showed them encouragement . . . let them know they were wanted. In short, they treated their children as persons deserving of respect and consideration.

Many parents are concerned that their strictness (or lack of it) may have a damaging effect on their children's development.

But this would only occur, probably, if the parental attitude were one of real indifference—or if discipline fluctuated rapidly between extreme harshness and laxity.

It should be reassuring to recognise that parents who maintain a middle of the road attitude, employing strictness in matters of importance, and relaxing the reins on important occasions, can hardly go wrong —especially if the rules of the house are discussed and shared by the whole family.

YOU AND YOUR BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, ATNA

YOU AND YOUR BABY, **a complete book of parentcraft, written by Sister Mary Jacob, ATNA, head of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Department and Sister-in-Charge of the Australian Mothercraft Society's Clinics in N.S.W. for more than 14 years, is available in its seventh enlarged and revised edition.**

The book, which is simply written, gives mothers and expectant mothers helpful advice before and after their baby is born, as well as advice for the care of the child during its baby and toddler stages.

Copies of the book are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly **Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney, or from leading booksellers in most capital cities. The price is 15/- plus 10d. postage. (N.B.: Please print names and addresses clearly when ordering.)**

There's never been a fragrance as romantic as Carmen.



a fabulous perfume with a spanish accent



CARMEN

Romantic Carmen Skin Perfume 7/6, 11/6.
Matching Talcum 6/6. Perfume Concentrate 7/6, 13/6.

PM1343-24WW

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919513



Continued from page 17

THE BALLOON MAN

"One must," the Balloon Man said to his reflection in the damp-spotted mirror over the basin, "appear seemly in the eyes of Charles Pirbright, Esquire." And then: "Old Geronimo is right. You do look like Don Quixote. Or perhaps the White Knight."

When he had finished, he emptied the china basin over the tomato plants beside the chicken-run. It was nonsense for Senora Valdez to protest that soapy water wasn't good for them. They thrived on it.

He rinsed the basin at the pump, replaced it on the shelf under the mirror, passed a comb through his silver hair, and shrugged himself into a clean shirt and then the faded and patched jacket.

For a moment he paused, surveying the small room that for the past ten years had been his home. The shelf of books; the other containing cooking utensils and a primus; the few bits of crockery. In another box he kept the tins of tea, flour, sugar, and salt.

"I'll make my bed before I go," he decided aloud. Knowing there was no need for this; that he was only playing for time. Then, with the letter in his jacket pocket, he hesitated.

The long bamboo was propped in the far corner of the room, where it stood every night. The balloons he had blown up before retiring to bed seemed to tug at the strings that attached them to the cane, as though anxious to be free.

"I'll have to take you," he said. "Too far to walk back and fetch you afterward. If this chap Pirbright considers that it is *lese-majeste*, it can't be helped."

He adjusted an ancient Panama hat on his head, took the bamboo with its bright cargo of balloons, and went out, closing the wooden door behind him.

"Buenos dias, Don Prospero!" Milagros, the maid at the Big House, glanced at him over her shoulder, plump arms lifted as she defty pinned clothes on the line, "A lovely day!"

"Suitable for a lovely young woman," the Balloon Man said in his beautiful Castilian Spanish, "as I'm sure your betrothed will agree."

She giggled, and the breeze tugged at her skirts above her bare legs, the sun seemed to linger in the sooty blackness of her hair.

He walked on round the house to where Senora Valdez was watering her geraniums. She inclined her head in a gesture of greeting, and he swept off his hat with a flourish as he bade her good morning. Then he was through the gate, the bamboo carried at a slant over his shoulder, shivering like a live thing as the balloons moved, bobbing in the wind from the sea.

Crossing the sloping patch of waste ground that led to the waterfront, he stepped carefully from tussock to tussock of grass to avoid the sand. Small yellow butterflies fluttered low over patches of clover. Swallows whirled and cheeped.

The bay in the distance looked unbelievably blue against the pale blue of the sky. The huddle of houses that made up the village of San Hilario were painted cream, or yellow, or dusty pink. Fishing boats lay at anchor, a distant tangle of masts and spars.

Once on the road his pace increased. Now he was in the village street, where every house and its inmates were familiar to him.

On his left was the two-storey home of old Geronimo Morales, who had let the ground floor to a groom and lived upstairs with his ancient typewriter and the glassed-in bookshelves containing his collection of books.

Immediately on the right was the shop belonging to Dona Isabel Pradera, who sold lengths of material, ribbons and knitting-wool, needles and thread. She lived above it with her niece, Graciela, whom the village had nicknamed the Cork Girl, because, whenever it was possible, she escaped to the beach and lay in the water floating, floating . . .

In the Plaza, the waiter, Domingo, was setting out iron tables under the awning of the Cafe Central.

"Senor Prospero, I have good hail for you today," he said.

"In a moment. But first . . ."

He went inside and to the gentlemen's toilet. It was part of the morning's ritual, and today he was anxious to inspect himself in the mirror the Cafe Central provided. He wondered if he should have worn a tie. But the only tie he possessed was that of his old school. And he had noticed, when Charles Pirbright descended from the ferry six months ago to take up his appointment as Consul, that the young man wore a similar tie.

"No," he said, "perhaps better not. Don't want to embarrass him. I mean, not quite the thing, what?"

His coffee and milk were waiting for him at the usual table, with a croissant in a separate saucer, and a small pat of butter, already beginning to melt. As he stirred the coffee, Domingo reappeared carrying a bundle of newspapers.

"Ah," said the Balloon Man, "what have we here?"

He took them almost greedily. A copy of the *Observer*, five days old. Two later copies of *The Times*. Yesterday's *Espana*. A woman's magazine in Italian. A torn *Figaro*, with several pages missing. "Wonderful!"

To page 50

FROM THE BIBLE

● ***All mortals are like grass;***
All their splendour like the flower of the field;
The grass withers, the flower falls;
But the word of the Lord endures for evermore.

—I Peter 1:24.



Nature in its wonderful way has protected our skin with an acid cloak which guards against blemishes, dryness and dullness. Many ordinary soaps and cleansers, being alkaline in action, tend to remove this acid cloak, leaving the skin unprotected and defenceless against harmful accumulations and residues which in time cause these blemishes, dryness and dullness. But with Neutrogena, *which contains no free alkali*, your skin, be it oily, dry, normal, or a 'problem' skin, is perfectly safe, because Neutrogena preserves, rather than destroys, this natural protection. This helps to maintain the suppleness, elasticity, and cleanliness of the skin, and so works towards a more youthful appearance. Neutrogena is recommended by doctors, so take their advice—for a clear, radiant, beautiful complexion, give Nature the chance she deserves—cleanse only with safe, gentle Neutrogena, the *natural* cleanser.

Prove to yourself that Neutrogena should be your cleanser. Start your one-month beauty treatment today! *Thoroughly cleanse your skin with Neutrogena, rinse with clear, clean water, then cleanse and rinse again. Do this each morning and night, and in just one month you will be amazed and delighted with the youthful fresh appearance of your skin. One month's supply of 3 cakes of Neutrogena is only* 13/6.

Neutrogena is prepared under the original formula of the eminent Belgian cosmetic-chemist, Dr. Edmond Fromont, and is protected by Australian Patent No. 164532.

Your Family Chemist and selected Department Stores sell Neutrogena—amazingly priced at only **4/6**

Sole Australian distributor: The House of Faulding

NTG 4A

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919514

Savory dish wins £5

● First prize of £5 in our weekly recipe contest has been awarded for a savory steak roll.

THIS £5 prizewinning recipe consists of a pastry roll with a filling of savory minced steak — an easy and economical family meal.

Consolation prizes have been awarded for a nicely textured nut cake and for a new recipe for making the ever-popular egg and bacon tart.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

SAVORY STEAK ROLY POLY

One ounce butter or substitute, 1lb. minced steak, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, salt, pepper.

Pastry: Half-pound self-raising flour, 1oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 4 finely chopped gherkins, beaten egg to glaze.

Mix together minced steak, onion, and carrot; brown in heated butter or substitute, stirring. Add salt, pepper, and unbeaten egg, stir until thick; mix in prepared mustard and parsley. Remove from heat, and cool. While cooling, sift the flour, salt, and mustard, rub in butter or substitute. Make well in centre, add the milk to which the chopped gherkins have been added. Mix to soft dough, and roll out to oblong about ¼in. thick. Spread cooled filling on dough, roll up as for Swiss roll, seal edges with water. Form roll into ring, cut slits in top, brush with beaten egg, bake in moderate oven on greased oven slide 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with creamed spinach and cheese sauce.

First prize of £5 to Miss K. Muller, 103 Guy Street, Warwick, Qld.

SPANISH NUT CAKE

One cup self-raising flour, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 eggs, ¼ cup milk, 4oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar.

Separate the eggs. Beat the yolks, adding the milk gradually. Cream butter and sugar, then add the yolk mixture, beating well. Add the chopped walnuts, sifted flour, and cinnamon. Lastly add the stiffly beaten egg-whites, fold them in gently. Pour into greased 8in. cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes. Decorate with chocolate icing and walnuts.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Nelthorpe, Pottery Estate, Lithgow, N.S.W.

EGG AND BACON TART

Four ounces shortcrust pastry, 2 eggs, 3oz. chopped bacon, 3oz. grated cheddar cheese, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 small can evaporated milk.

Line 7in. pie dish with the shortcrust pastry. Beat the eggs, add the chopped bacon, grated cheese, and mustard. Stir in the evaporated milk. Pour into pastry case, bake in hot oven 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Lindsay, 39 Camden Road, Geelong, Vic.

Readers are invited to submit recipes for our regular weekly recipe contest, in which a main prize of £5 and consolation prizes of £1 are awarded.

Please type or write clearly each recipe on a separate sheet of paper, with the sender's name and address on each sheet.

Send entries to The Australian Women's Weekly Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Readers' Household Hints

● Readers win £1/1/- each for these hints to help in cooking, housework, and sewing.

IF you make hot water bag covers, use two thicknesses of material and sprinkle dried lavender between them. The warmth of the bag brings out the scent. — E. Nicol, 152 Simpson Rd., Bardon, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

When you buy a packet of gravy mix, put it into a jar with an equal quantity of plain flour and mix thoroughly. This goes much further with a big family. It is ideal for thickening soups and stews, too.—Mrs. D. Neal, 83 Wimble St., Seymour, Vic.

Use a pair of scissors instead of a knife to remove rinds from the breakfast bacon. It's much quicker. — S. A. Pethick, Box 276, Renmark, S.A.

★ ★ ★

If you want to cook rice ahead of time and keep it hot, place it in a strainer over gently simmering water and cover with a teatowel. The rice will keep in perfect condition without over cooking. — Miss I. O'Sullivan, 385 Liverpool St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Give a slightly different flavor to minces, meat pies, etc., by adding ½ teaspoon nutmeg to each pound of minced steak. It's delicious. — Mrs. M. James, 23 Morotai Ave., Ashburton, Vic.

★ ★ ★

For breakfast serve apple fritters with fried bacon sprinkled with a little salt instead of sugar. It makes a nice change — P. Brown, 167 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

Instead of icing a cake, then sprinkling on crushed nuts, make a chocolate icing a little thinner than usual, add half a packet of crushed nuts, then mix well. This makes a lovely crunchy topping. — Mrs. Norma Baker, 23 Francine St., Seven Hills, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

When damping down starched clothes to iron immediately, use hot water, not cold. — Mrs. B. Cook, 30 Easton Ave., Sylvania, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Try a piece of fine, dry steel wool for cleaning windows. It doesn't scratch, and the windows thus cleaned need no polishing. It will even remove paint splashes. — Mrs. B. Petersen, 90 Hampden Rd., Battery Point, Hobart.



Veterans on their very first day!

Your children need to learn so many things before they ever go to school . . . have you the time to give them vital pre-school knowledge to ensure a head start in First Class?



Now . . . for the first time in Australia from Golden Books—a name you've come to trust—comes an outstanding aid to parents . . . to give your children the all-important pre-school-in-the-home-help they so desperately need. And for which parents have never been properly equipped. Called "Adventures in Learning" it contains all the elements your youngsters need for a solid foundation. 16 colourful, fascinating books deal with every important subject . . . delightful play charts teach every-day skills. The "Learn-a-tron" teaching machine is the first of its kind in the world.

You can benefit from this unique programme . . .! Send the coupon today for free and obligation-free details which will give your children the vital pre-school teaching to make them veterans on their very first day!





ILLUSTRATED ABOVE: One of the series of "Learn-a-tron" play charts to give your children wonderful hours of pleasure and pre-school learning. AT LEFT: 16 volumes of "how-to-do-it" play kits. AT RIGHT: The unique "Learn-a-tron" learning machine to fascinate every child.

TO: NATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION INC. PTY. LTD.
258 NEW SOUTH HEAD ROAD, DOUBLE BAY, N.S.W.



FREE!

Special offer—exclusive to Charter Members . . . a FREE, fascinating, colourful "Learn-to-do-it yourself" chart kit—send for yours today, plus full obligation-free details of "Adventures in Learning." Don't miss out! Mail the coupon now!

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

EXCLUSIVELY DISTRIBUTED IN AUSTRALIA BY: THE NATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION INC. PTY. LTD. RLA/LI

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919515



Do something about tooth decay NOW!

Get Colgate–with Gardol the leader in reducing cavities

In University-controlled tests Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol was confirmed the leader in reducing cavities . . . wonderful reassurance that cavities can be reduced by using Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol in the complete programme of dental care your dentist recommends.

Like an invisible shield, Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol, helps fight tooth decay while it stops bad breath





. . . the best tasting Dental Cream in the world

J279

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

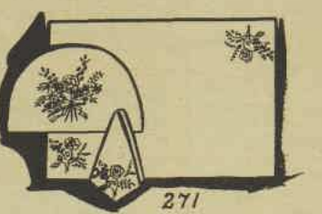


No. 270.—FROCK

Attractive frock is available cut out to make in black, turquoise, and brown silicone velveteen. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/5/-; 36in. bust, £3/7/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

No. 271.—TEA COSY, TRAY CLOTH, AND SERVIETTE SET

Pretty set of tea cosy, traycloth, and serviette is available cut out to embroider on pink, blue, lemon, or green pure Irish linen. Price for set is 18/6, plus 1/6 postage and dispatch. They can be ordered individually, too: Tea cosy 8/11 plus 9d postage; tray cloth 8/6, plus 9d postage; serviette 2/-, plus 6d postage.



No. 272.—TODDLER'S FROCK

Little girl's frock is available cut out to make in cosy pink, blue, lemon, or green terella, lace supplied. Sizes 1 and 2 years, 25/-. Postage and dispatch 2/- extra.



* *Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 360A Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4901, G.P.O., Sydney. N.Z. readers address orders to Box 6741, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders.*

Continued from page 48

THE BALLOON MAN

he said. "A thousand thanks, Domingo. You are a true friend." "It is nothing, Don Prospero. Everyone in San Hilario knows what a great reader you are. And yesterday's ferry brought a great many tourists. They stopped here for a drink before passing through."

"Ah, passing through. It is sad, that."

"Indeed it is." Domingo's mouth drooped under the pencil-thin moustache. He flicked half-heartedly with his napkin at a fly on the edge of the sugar bowl.

They were on familiar ground. The Balloon Man tore his eyes, reluctantly, from an article in the *Observer*, deciding to leave it till later. Domingo had done him a favor and was anxious to talk. So he offered the opening gambit.

"If we had a proper hotel . . ."

"That is exactly what I have always said." Since there were no other customers, Domingo leaned against the wall, his eyes half closed. "A really modern hotel. Not too large, of course. That would be absurd. But modern, as they have on the mainland, with a private bathroom to each room. A restaurant. An American bar, too . . ."

"The beach is delightful," the Balloon Man said, "and safe. It would require men to clean it. Four men at least, working daily, to remove such things as broken bottles and old tins and rotting oranges. All the refuse."

There are plenty of men for that, senor. And the hotel would give employment, too. I have a cousin who works in a bar in Madrid—and that reminds me, Hassan Benani brought yesterday on the ferry something for you."

He went inside and reappeared with a couple of cardboard shoe boxes. "Twelve dozen in each. He brought them ashore without difficulty. He is smart, that boy. The smartest steward on the Maria Rosa. Payment as usual, in a week's time."

"May Allah bless him! Balloons enough to last a summer if I have breath enough to blow them up. But may I leave them with you for the moment, Domingo? I have a visit to make. An official visit. To the Consulate."

"The British Consulate, senor? I trust it is nothing serious?"

"The question I have been asking myself since Pedro brought their letter last night. The Consul wishes to see me. He does not say why. I had thought of requesting you to keep this—" he nodded to the cane of bobbing balloons, "until afterwards. But I have decided to take them with me. All San Hilario knows me as the Balloon Man. I make my living—such as it is—by selling these colored spheres. Why should I be ashamed of them?"

"Why, indeed, senor? There is dignity in honest labor. It ennobles a man's soul."

"Exactly! I couldn't have put it better myself. And now let me pay for my breakfast and you shall tell me the time."

"Twenty to ten."

"Then I must go." He got up, "Take care of the boxes for me, Domingo, until I return."

Now the street was awake. Two small donkeys, their panniers loaded with gleaming fish, scrabbled daintily up the cobbled path from the quay, led by a small boy.

"Sardinas!" he shrilled as he walked. "Sardinas frescas!"

He broke off, grinning, "Hola, Don Prospero! Will you give me a balloon? A red one. Please!"

"Hola, Paco. No, as I've told you a dozen times. You shall have a balloon when you pay for it. Not before."

"How can I pay when they give me nothing?" He had halted the leading donkey and now leaned against it, small, grubby fingers playing with its long ears. His eyes were very bright in the thin, nine-year-old face, and after a moment he hitched at the string that held up his torn trousers.

The Balloon Man was tempted. Paco, he knew, had no family. His mother had died soon after he was born, and six years later his father had been drowned at sea. Since then he had lived with one or other of the village families; running errands, helping in the garden. Now he was with the Machados, who were Portuguese, and had five children of their own.

"I'm sorry," he said firmly, "but I, too, have my living to earn, my son. If things were otherwise—"

"I understand, senor." A quick, flashing smile and the bare feet padded on across the cobbles beside the tiny, clacking hoofs of the donkeys.

Laundry hung from wrought-iron balconies. Women leaned over them to talk to others across the way. A group of girls were clustered round the well at an intersection, filling buckets and earthen jars with water, filling the air with clatter and laughter.

The butcher was arranging meat on a marble slab and Dona Isabel had taken down the shutters of her shop. As he passed by, the Balloon Man saw a slim, brown girl reach into the display window to rearrange some of the delicate hand-embroidered baby clothes.

The head turned, and Graciela smiled at him. A small, gentle smile that always made him think of Hans Andersen's little Mermaid. Her eyes were green and clear; her long, straight

To page 54

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By RUD*



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919516



elite

An elegant and exciting way of expressing your taste in Furniture Decor!

Elite's glamorous "New" look furniture with its sparkling appearance is a must in your home. With modern laminated surfaces, it keeps its "New" look year in and year out. Craftsman made to suit your way of life, as well as your budget.

(See also the exciting range of occasional furniture at all leading stores.)

MAIL THIS COUPON for your FREE copy of the new ELITE CATALOGUE to:

Elite Furniture Pty. Ltd.
298 Botany Road,
Alexandria, N.S.W.

NAME

ADDRESS

elite Dining Settings and Occasional Furniture are OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919517



WINTER WISDOM

-a plentiful supply of 'ASPRO'



ECONOMY SIZE **6/6**
Other sizes 2/-, 6d.

No other medicine has wider 'SCOPE' in dealing with the many and varied troubles that come with the winter

This is because 'ASPRO', in addition to being a powerful pain reliever, is also an antipyretic (fever reducer) and has an anti-inflammatory action not available in most medicines on general sale. And 'ASPRO' cannot harm heart or lungs even if taken over a lengthy period.

'FLU..



Getting down the feverishness is winning half the battle in attacking flu's miseries. The antipyretic action of 'ASPRO' is your sure way to do this. In addition to taking 'ASPRO' during the day you should take three tablets with a piping hot lemon drink at bedtime.

This, combined with the warmth of the blankets, will promote a healthy perspiration so while you sleep you're getting back on the road to your real self.

Your own doctor will tell you there is no more proven way to comfort than this — no SAFER way either!

Every year 'flu comes in some form or another but experience proves, time after time, 'ASPRO', bed and the hot drink have no superior.

ACHING JOINTS



"Painful shoulder", stiff joints and painful twinges have, as their cause, INFLAMMATION. This is where the powerful anti-inflammatory action of 'ASPRO' is such a boon.

'ASPRO', with this additional action relieves the inflammation in the joints causing the trouble — it tackles the problem right at its seat.

In treating troubles of this kind it is important to understand that, while 'ASPRO' will relieve pain at the time, it can be far more valuable if taken *consistently* during periods when your pain appears. Remember 'ASPRO' can be taken frequently and for long periods without fear of harm to heart, lungs or arteries.

'ASPRO', too, is not habit forming and does not tend to cause addiction.

SORE THROAT



For many years now, an 'ASPRO' gargle has been regarded as one of the most effective forms of relief for sore, inflamed throat — and, incidentally, the most inexpensive.

You simply mix a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets in about half a tumbler of water, then gargle and swallow. Myriads of tiny 'ASPRO' particles are suspended in the mixture and these, in contact with the delicate membranes in the throat, soon begin to exert their soothing influence.

You should gargle as often as necessary during the day — say, every few hours or so. Be sure to take 'ASPRO' to work with you.

An alternative to using 'ASPRO' as a gargle is to crush the tablets into a powder, mix with a teaspoon of honey and take in that form.

FEVERISH HEADACHE



Headache is one of the many forms of pain. And headaches themselves take many forms but when colds and flu are about the feverish type of headache becomes very prevalent.

In this condition 'ASPRO' offers a dual action. As a powerful pain reliever 'ASPRO' acts at the nerve centre at the base of the brain. Then, due to its antipyretic (fever reducing) properties, 'ASPRO' also removes that frustrating over-heated feeling, leaving you clear headed and calmer. The action of 'ASPRO' is soothing, "sympathetic" and free from irritating or harmful after effects. 'ASPRO' is not a narcotic, does not induce a habit or craving.

If possible take the 'ASPRO' with a cup of tea or other hot drink to speed up action.

HIGH TEMPERATURE



If your temperature shoots up there is only one thing to do — go straight to bed. If it's very high, call the doctor.

In the meantime 'ASPRO' is your safest and best form of getting comfort and lowering the temperature. Read this:

ANTIBIOTICS BEATEN IN U.S.A. FLU TEST!

During an outbreak of influenza in 1952 at Chanute Air Force Base, Illinois, U.S.A., an opportunity was provided to make comparisons between the active ingredient in 'ASPRO' and two different antibiotics. 150 patients were treated. The result showed that in the patients receiving the active ingredient used in 'ASPRO', temperature returned to normal in an average of 30 hours. Those treated with one of the antibiotics did not have normal temperature for 41 hours, and in the case of the other antibiotic, 42 hours.

This information was obtained from "Science News Letter", Washington, U.S.A., October 10, 1953.

RHEUMATIC PAINS



Have you tried a properly regulated COURSE of 'ASPRO'?

All pain relievers act (to a greater or lesser degree) by depressing the awareness of pain at the nerve centre at the base of the brain.

But 'ASPRO' has, in addition, another action, ANTI-INFLAMMATORY ACTION — which is especially valuable in rheumatic conditions. (See note Goodman and Gilman below.)

However, if you take 'aspro' to relieve rheumatic twinges only at the odd times you suffer them, you are not getting the full benefit of the 'ASPRO' anti-inflammatory action. Rheumatic pains are caused by inflammation in the joints and associated structures and tissues producing pain, heat, redness, tenderness, swelling and stiffness. But by taking 'ASPRO' spasmodically you are not relieving the inflammation — the seat of the trouble. A proper COURSE of 'ASPRO', then, is the only way to do this.

How to take 'ASPRO' as a COURSE for rheumatic pain.

For best results in rheumatism 'ASPRO' must be taken adequately, constantly and consistently. If your case warrants it, the 'ASPRO' treatment can be continued for some months.

'ASPRO' can, of course, be taken in larger doses at the times that pain dictates. Even so, it should be taken at other times as well; for example before as well as after breakfast if morning pain and stiffness predominate; then after lunch and evening meal, thus preserving continuity of effect. Recommended dose is 2 tablets each time (occasionally 3).

Highly authoritative support comes from two noted pharmacologists, GOODMAN and GILMAN. They say:

"The salicylates reduce pain, immobility and inflammation of the joints in acute rheumatic fever; this action constitutes the basis of A MAJOR THERAPEUTIC USE of these drugs." 'ASPRO', consisting as it does of the most important of the salicylates, acetylsalicylic acid, is therefore an anti-rheumatic agent of the first order.

'ASPRO' warrants everyone's respect. Because 'ASPRO' can be bought readily, and at trifling cost, it seems improbable to many that it can achieve all it does. But the fact remains that its active ingredient is acknowledged by the medical profession as the most reliable and versatile assistance in alleviating everyday ills — and even more serious ones (see note Goodman and Gilman at bottom right corner).

One of the great virtues of 'ASPRO' is that it can be taken consistently and constantly with an easy mind because it does not harm the heart, arteries or lungs. Neither is it habit forming. Furthermore, long use of 'ASPRO' does not cause a lessening of its responsiveness as is the case with some pain relievers. 'ASPRO' always acts with 100 per cent efficiency each time it is taken.

Does so much costs so little 'ASPRO'

REG. TRADE MARK

'ASPRO' — the modern medicine for modern times! 11½ million used daily throughout the world!

2749

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919518

At Home *with Margaret Sydney*

● Every year, about this time, there's a panic clearing out of cupboards in this house. It's all due to the imminent annual visit of the white-ant man. Sometimes I think I'd rather have white-ants.

ONCE a year he comes and peers into things and under things, looking for white-ants, borers, dry rot, wet rot, and anything else in the way of wood destroyers that go crunch in the darkness under the house and in the back of cupboards.

He's an extremely independent man. He doesn't make appointments and he doesn't give warning. Some morning (always the least suitable in the whole week) he arrives on the doorstep, plants his feet firmly, and says, "I'll do your inspection now."

It's no good saying, "I'm terribly busy this morning." He only says, "You go right ahead. I won't get in your way."

And it's no good suggesting that he should pick a day later in the week and come back then. He gets such an obstinate and forlorn look on his face that you're left feeling that there's no other house he can do that day, and that if you keep him out it'll be a lost day for him, and his wife and children will starve.

So far I've never been quite brave enough to offer the excuse that's the real reason for my not wanting his unheralded visit — that there isn't a cupboard or a drawer in the house that I could bear a stranger to look in.

I don't think it would cut much ice with him. He'd simply say, "Ah, well, it takes all sorts to make a world. I expect I've seen worse." And then I would spend the rest of the day wondering whether he really had.

Having been caught this way a number of times, I've got more cunning in the past few years. He always comes in the third week in May. About a fortnight before, an alarm-bell goes off in my subconscious mind . . I begin to brood about how out-of-hand everything in the house has got. After a day or two the penny drops and I realise that what I'm really brooding about is the white-ant man.

You can't hide a thing from the white-ant man

IN any normally chaotic household it's quite possible for things to be visitor-tidy without being white-ant-man-tidy.

I trust my visitors. I don't expect them to inspect the bedroom chests of drawers; investigate the two bottom shelves of the linen press, which are the time-honored resting-places of sheets that need mending and worn out clothes and old cushions and litters of cats; pull out furniture to look at the back of it; poke their noses into the back of kitchen drawers.

Visitors can be trusted not to do these things. The white-ant man can't. He not only pokes his nose into these places, he uses a torch as well, revealing the family's sins of untidiness and sins of hoarding in its unkind beam.

So, about a fortnight before, I begin gentle warnings to the rest of the family, rising to a crescendo of nagging about tidying drawers and cupboards in the weekend before he's due.

The effect is different with different members of the family. The two girls grumble a lot, but, being girls, they decide that they'd really prefer their rooms to be half-way decent, in spite of the fact that they'll never set eyes on the white-ant man.

So there's a tremendous clean-out of clutter and old letters and programs, and for a little while their clothes are piled in neat heaps in the drawers instead of being stirred according to taste.

Mike argues. He can't see the faintest sense in making an effort for the pest exterminator that he doesn't have to make for his sisters and his cousins and his aunts. I must say that this seems to me highly logical . . . but not good enough.

"Go on, do what you're told," Hugh says to end the argument. "Throw out the empty jam tins and the dead possums."

"What possums? There aren't any dead possums!" says Mike, who has no use for figures of speech.

Having supported me in my argument with Mike, Hugh feels that he's done his bit. Nothing will induce him to do any cleaning up himself. "I live here," he says. "The white-ant man only has to spend a couple of hours. It's good enough for me, so it'll do for him."

This year we have been through the regular program. By the third week in May I wouldn't have turned a hair if you'd opened any cupboard in the house. And the white-ant man didn't come!

He still hasn't been. He doesn't seem to be on the phone, and I can't think of any way of tracking him down while he'd still be reasonably welcome. Time passes and things are beginning to get back to their normal state. Or, as Hugh would say, the dead possums are begining to move back in.

Please don't put plastic on the goat's menu . . .

WHEN I bewailed the shedding of plastic on our beaches and picnic grounds, I was thinking mainly about appearances.

A letter from a Western Australian reader reminds me that plastic sheets and bags can be dangerous as well as untidy. She writes:

"With winter coming on, this is a plea to all picnickers. Please, please do not leave your plastic bags lying around in rural areas.

"Last year I lost a valuable pedigreed Saanen milking goat when a visiting picnicker fed her the crusts of bread from his lunch, and the plastic bag in which his sandwiches had been wrapped.

"Goats will eat almost anything, but that doesn't mean it's good for them! The vet who did the post mortem told me that plastic bags and sheeting have an equally lethal effect on cattle, who are also prone to nibble plastic sheeting that is left lying around."

Fashion FROCKS



"COLLEEN". — Smart and practical sleeveless shift is available in yellow/orange/brown, green/royal/pale blue, apricot/brown/deep pink pure wool check frocking.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/14/6.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/17/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/19/6.
Postage and dispatch 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 50. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No COD orders accepted.

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



It's crazy to pay more!

because whatever you pay you can't buy better than

Judith Aden



CRYSTAL CLEAR HAIR SET SPRAY FIRMSET or SUPERSOFT

only

6'11

LARGE 6OZ SIZE

Of course you want the best hairspray — and this is it! Crystal clear, containing lanolin and a delightful new perfume, specially imported, Judith Aden hairspray is definitely the best you can buy—and you save shillings every time you buy it. Try Judith Aden today . . . you'll agree it's crazy to pay more.

Throughout Australia at

WOOLWORTHS
Variety Stores and Supermarkets

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919519

LULUBELLE



"I eat just as much as I like . . . then go on a strict diet every few weeks."

Continued from page 50

THE BALLOON MAN

hair, bleached by sun and sea, had a greenish tinge. She was beautiful. Beautiful and strange and aloof. Wasted in a place like San Hilario, with the crabbed, ill-tempered spinster Dona Isabel.

The Balloon Man sighed, and plodded on. He loved the village, where he knew everyone and everyone was his friend. But the place was dying. Most of the young men had already left for the mainland. And the girls, too. All that remained were old people like himself and the children. And the fishermen, whose huts clustered close to the quay.

The Consulate was on the main road, halfway up the hill, overlooking the bay. By now the May sun was hot, but the white building itself looked cool and graceful surrounded by a wall hung with purple bougainvillea. He walked between the open iron gates and across the well-kept garden, where tall palms clattered dryly, and up the steps to the veranda.

The uniformed servant greeted him formally. "If you will come this way, please, senor?"

There was no one else in the waiting-room. English magazines were scattered over a polished table. A colored photograph of the Queen stared out from its frame on the wall.

Footsteps echoed crisply on the tiles of the passage. A middle-aged woman in a yellow linen dress appeared in the doorway and said: "The Consul will see you now, Mr. Lysaght, if—"

She stopped, eyes widening behind her horn-rimmed glasses; pale mouth agape.

"Certainly." He knew exactly how he must appear to her. A gaunt, shabby, beardless Don Quixote. She, like the Consul, was a relative newcomer to San Hilario. If she had ever noticed him in the village, she certainly hadn't spared him a second glance.

He gripped the bamboo cane more firmly in his left hand and followed her down the passage. She flung open a door and said in a high, strained voice that hinted at controlled hysteria, "Mr. Lysaght . . . Mr. Pirbright."

The door closed, and her heels tapped away down the passage.

Behind the big desk the Consul had half-risen. But now the polite smile seemed frozen on his lips. His gaze, like that of his secretary before him, was fixed on the bright balloons.

With an effort he came to his feet and holding out his right hand he said: "Mr. Prospero Lysaght?"

"The same. How do you do?"

"I—er—put those balloons down, will you? Over there, I think. I'd no idea—"

"You wanted to see me." The Balloon Man put the cane against the wall and turned to face the Consul.

"My dear fellow, please forgive me. I'd no idea—"

He was a young man in his thirties. And it was obvious that nothing in Consular Regulations had prepared him for this.

He said: "Take a pew, will you? Now, have you any proof of your identity with you? Passport? Letters? Something of that kind?"

"The letter you sent to me yesterday. And my passport." The Balloon Man pushed them across the desk, adding dryly: "Don't apologise. I agree there is something rather incongruous. My angularity, in contrast with the rotundity of my wares—"

The Consul permitted himself a small, humorless smile. He looked up from the documents in front of him and put his fingertips together.

"You are living on the Valdez property, I understand?"

"I am. Senor Valdez and his wife most kindly allow me the use of a small shed adjoining their garage, for which I pay a minuscule monthly rent. I have been living there for the past ten years."

"Ten years? Here, in San Hilario? Look here, I don't want to sound rude, but—"

"You are going to ask me what brought me here. I can only answer: chance. I'd been—drifting—for several years before that. Soon after I arrived here I fell ill. My money was exhausted. Senora Valdez took me in and nursed me. When I recovered, I stayed."

"But, my dear chap, a man of your education, your background—"

"Call it weakness, if you like. But when my wife died, I lost all initiative; all ambitions. I am an old man, approaching seventy. And San Hilario offered me all I wanted. Sunshine. Clean air. I still have my few books. A young Moslem working on the ferry supplies me with my stock-in-trade. I sell balloons to the children of tourists passing through. I meet the ferry at noon every day—"

"I see." The Consul sighed. "I have a letter from Messrs. Perkins and Otterburn, solicitors. From London. They asked me to locate you and give you—this."

A sealed manila envelope changed hands. The Balloon Man tore it open. He read the typewritten pages slowly to the end, and then read them again. Then he leaned back in his chair.

To page 58

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.



*There's nothing to spill, splash or splatter—and boy . . . it's so easy!

No more mess when he cleans his shoes! And clean's the word, because his hands and clothes stay clean, too. You can shoe-shine anywhere, anytime, with PADAWAX. PADAWAX is bright-shining, scuff-covering and water-proofing.

50 SHINES IN EVERY PAD—REAL WAX POLISH SHINES—

Nugget PADAWAX

BLACK • DARK TAN • LIGHT TAN • MAHOGANY • NEUTRAL



8378

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919520

Cover for bassinet

● This bassinet and its fluffy, frilly cover would be a wonderful gift for an expectant mother. Buy the bassinet, and make the pretty cover.

WICKER bassinets and their stands are ailable in various sizes leading department ores, and also at many ndicraft sections of spitals and workshops the blind.

Prices range from £4 for single medium-sized sinet, up to £10 for the ger bassinet and stand set white painted wood, or stic-coated straw.

The size of bassinets varies the following measure-ents can serve only as a ide. The actual quantities quired will be determined the size of your bassinet.

Materials **required:** Six rds nylon taffeta 36in. ide for underskirt; 9yd. p nylon sheer 36in. wide r cover; 2¼yd. any wash-ble quilted fabric 36in. wide r lining; 3yd. snap tape; yd. muslin 36in. wide for wer band; 2in. lace beading d ¼in. lace edging (lengths quired will vary accord-g to size of bassinet); bias ding; ribbon for handles.

To make lining: Cut paper ttern to the exact shape d size of the bottom of sinet. Using this pattern, t out the quilted fabric.

For the sides, measure und the inside top edge d add 5in. to give you the gth. Measure the depth the basket and add 5in. give you the width.

Using these measurements, t a strip of quilted fabric.

Place the side lining in sinet, wrong side out, aving 4in. above the top r turnover and 1in. for a am at the bottom.

Pin the two short sides gether. Shape the bottom ge to fit bassinet by pin-ng darts. Mark the loca-on of the handles at upper ge. Remove from bas-net, slash fabric from out-de edge to each handle rk; stitch seam and darts; th bias binding, bind shes and outside edge of ning.

Place lining in bassinet ght side up; fit openings und handles. Pin under rt of snap tape round out-de of lining 1in. from top bassinet. Mark where ttom section should be oined to side section.

Remove, and stitch the o sections together. Stitch e snap tape in place.

Muslin cover band: Place e lining in bassinet; easure the distance round e outside of bassinet and dd 1in., using snap tape as guide. Cut the muslin to is length, and 4in. wide. old strip in half lengthwise; titch long side and one ort side; turn to right side d press.

Turn open edge under , and slip-stitch closed. hen stitch remaining snap ge to the tape stitched to ning. Pin muslin to tape, per edges even. Unsnap,



FRILLY BASSINET COVER of nylon sheer, taffeta, and lace is fit for a princess or prince.

and stitch pinned tape to the muslin.

Taffeta underskirt: The width is the distance from the bottom of the muslin band to the floor; the length is twice the distance round bassinet. Cut material to these measurements. Turn all raw edges under ¼in. and edge-stitch. Gather one long side to fit muslin band. Top-stitch muslin band to under-skirt over gathered stitching line, overlapping lower edge of band over right side of underskirt.

Sheer overskirt and flounce: Measure from centre of the muslin to the floor and add 3in., giving you the width. The length is twice the distance round the bassinet. Finish raw edges. Edge-stitch the lace edging to the bottom edge. Make three tucks, ¼in. deep and ¼in. apart, starting the first tuck 5in. from the bottom. Gather the top edge.

For the flounce, cut the same length as overskirt and half the width. Finish the raw edges, tucks, lace edging and gathered edge as you did for the overskirt. Stitch flounce and overskirt to-gether over gathered stitch-ing line. Stitch complete overskirt to the centre of muslin band.

Two-Inch Lace Beading: Run the ribbon through the lace and stitch to skirts, so top lace edge extends beyond top skirt edge.

Handles: Wind 1in. ribbon tightly round each handle. Tack ribbon at each end. Trim with bows.

Home Plans Service for our readers

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- **Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.**
- **All normal architect's services available.**
- **Alterations to suit site if wanted.**

Headquarters of our Home Plans Service is now located in our Head Office in Sydney. Readers in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney can now write direct to the Service headquarters to the box numbers given below:

Sydney: 168 Castlereagh St. (Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney. 2-0666, ext. 2358).
Melbourne: Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney.
Hobart: FitzGeralds, 28 Criterion St. (2-7221).
Adelaide: Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.). (22-691).
Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St., (21-4788).

Fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."

COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

..... STATE.....

☐ **Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for homes. (I enclose 10/- to cover complete cost.)**



Mrs. Fay Eisenhauer of Panorama Road, Lane Cove, N.S.W. loves her new, lively good looks — and counts on All-Bran† to help her keep them!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more

"Now I feel like a new personality"

Young mother Mrs. Fay Eisenhauer is a picture of health — with a clear, glowing complexion, sparkling eyes and a bright, bubbly personality! Yet only six months ago she had all the symptoms of irregularity. "My skin was dull and drab", Fay said. "There were dark smudges under my eyes . . . even my hair was out of condition." That's when she switched to All-Bran for breakfast.

Renewed verve and energy. "I had read in advertisements how All-Bran helps you feel better all round while it maintains regularity," she explained. "But I was still amazed when in a matter of days I began to get back my old verve and energy . . . and at the end of a fortnight my skin had cleared up completely! All-Bran is such a *delicious* way to get bulk and nourish-ment — no wonder I wouldn't have anything else."

How All-Bran helps you! All-Bran isn't a medicine or drug. It's a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital bulk your system must have to gently, *naturally* maintain regularity. When you enjoy All-Bran each morning, you're helping yourself to new health and vitality, a new enjoyment of life! Prove it for your-self! Put All-Bran on your shopping list *now*.



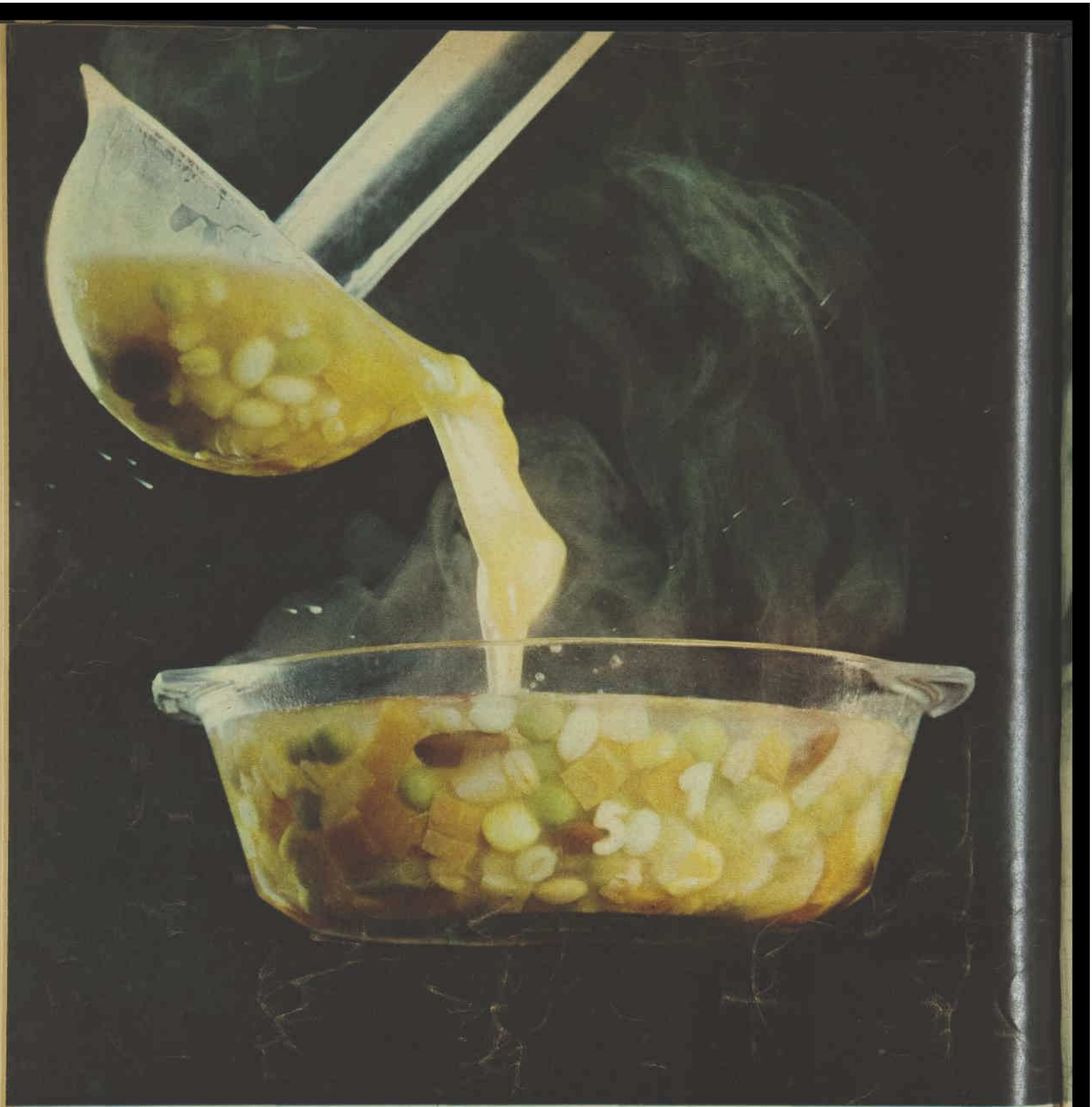
ALL-BRAN made by **Kellogg's**

by far the nicest way to stay regular

*Registered trade-mark. †All-Bran is a trade-mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

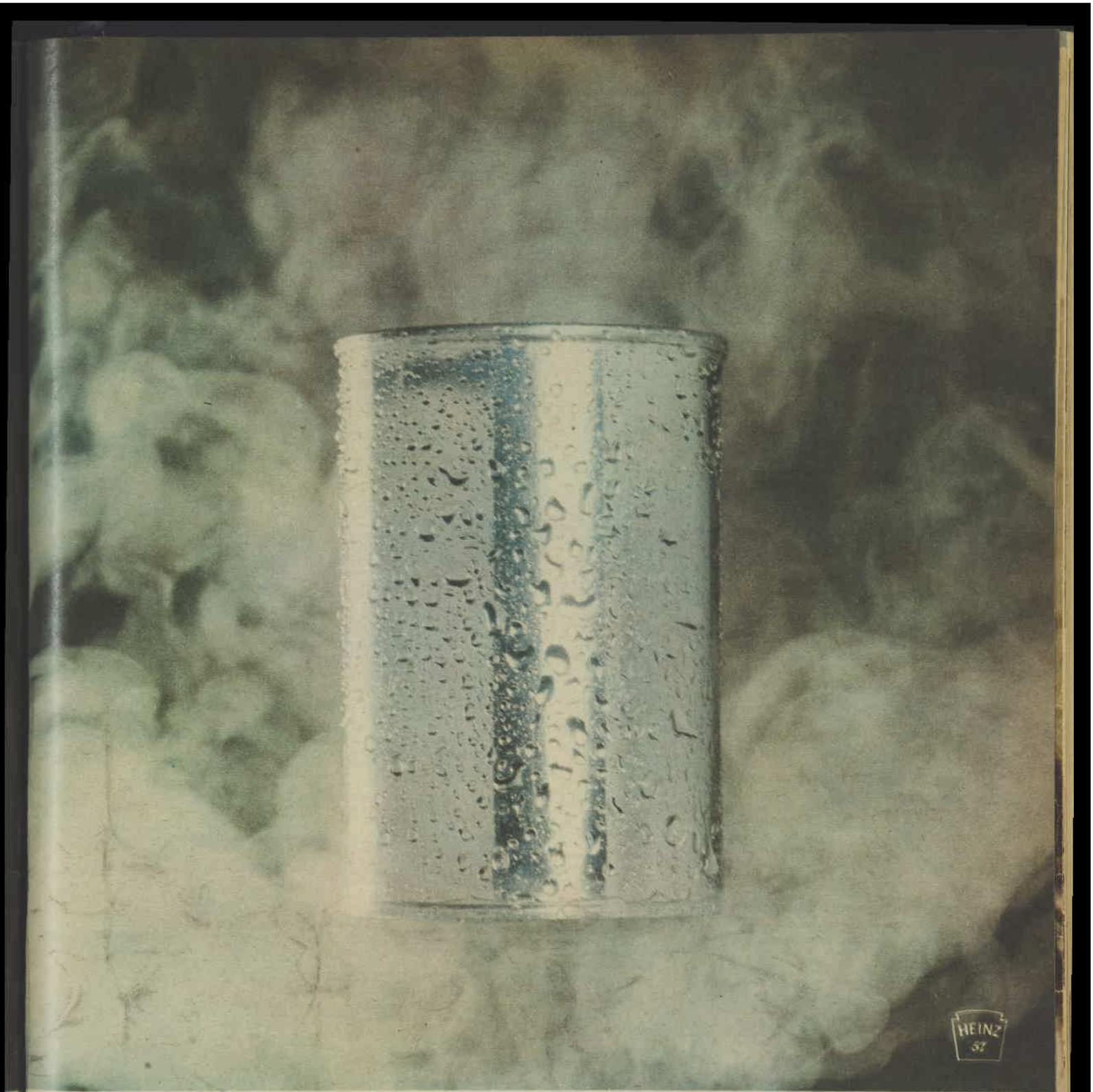
K968

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919521



Now Heinz soup outflavours all others

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919522



because it's pressure-cooked!

You know that pressure-cooking is flavour's best friend; that pressure-cooking locks in natural flavour instead of wafting it away in steam. Heinz know this too. So now Heinz carefully pressure-cook each soup in its own sealed can to lock natural flavour into every tasty sip. That's why Heinz soup is so delicious, so satisfying. That's why Heinz soup outflavours all others.



National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919523

Vital Statistics 36-24-36



SLIM AND TRIM
—thanks to FORD PILLS
and the Ford Pills Diet Chart

A grateful lady writes—
My weight came down 22 lbs. I have been taking Ford Pills and I follow the Diet Chart for overweight. The Ford way is the safe way, and I thank you.
V.R. of Bondi, N.S.W.

Other happy ladies state—
I've now lost fourteen pounds. Ford Pills are wonderful.
M.J. of Kurnell, N.S.W.

I was too overweight but now have lost three stone.
L.M. of Inman, S.A.

I take Ford Pills and follow the Diet Chart for slimming and I praise them to my friends.
P.K. of Wahroonga, N.S.W.

I took off seven pounds in one week.
J.V.K. of St. Peters, Sydney.

I'm back to normal and so much better in health, I can really highly recommend Ford Pills.
C.E., Clayton, Vic.

START FORD PILLS SLIMMING PLAN TO-DAY!

Ford Pills will quickly help you regain the vigour and vital statistics of youth as your unwanted pounds and unlovely inches are banished. Ford Pills are dependable, absolutely safe and not habit forming, as they contain natural extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way. Ford Pills are tried and approved as a gentle, painless, thoroughly reliable laxative, ideal for all your family.



Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/6 and 3/9 EVERYWHERE.

F26W

FORD PILLS

A MARTIAN



From his shining sphere,
Informed observers standing near,
"Nothing really makes one hoarser
Than piloting a flying saucer.
These were my doctor's strict directions:
'Beware of earthborne cold infections.
Protect yourself when you're down there,
With Woods' on hand you won't have a care'."

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

Safe, fast relief for coughs and colds

ALLIANCE HOLDINGS

LIMITED

for income and security

Sydney • Melbourne • Brisbane
Adelaide • Perth • Wollongong
Newcastle • Canberra

AA165

THE IDEAL GIFT!

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	½ Year	1 Year
Aust	£1/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand & Fiji	£2/12/-	£5/4/-
Brit. Dom.	£2/12/6	£5/5/-
Foreign	£3/5/6	£6/11/-

THE IDEAL GIFT!

PERTH

FORREST HOUSE
Hotel-Motel

Magnificently located at 221 St. George's Terrace. 150 Luxurious bedrooms. Restaurant. Tourist Kiosk. Swimming pool. Beauty Salon &c. Daily tariff (B. and B.) is 35/- per person or 55/- with private bathroom &c. (Single use of D.R. &c., 70/-). BOOKINGS and information direct or at W.A. Tourist Bureau in your State or your Airline or Travel Agent.

Continued from page 54

THE BALLOON MAN

"So poor old Francis is dead," he said, "and the property comes to me."

"Please accept my condolences," the Consul murmured perfunctorily. "From their covering letter to me, I gather Francis Lysaght is —was—your cousin. He left no heirs, and has willed his entire estate to you. You are certainly to be congratulated, sir."

"Congratulated? Pirbright, you never saw the place. Twenty rooms, at the very least. He rather fancied himself as a hunter of big game. Stuffed heads looking down at one from the walls. Antlers . . . However, Perkins and Otterburn write that if I want to dispose of it, they already have a buyer. Some institution or other. They expect to get approximately twenty thousand pounds. And Francis has left me another twenty."

He closed his eyes briefly; then opened them. The Consul was watching him closely. "You are very fortunate," he said. "Of course, you'll return home now. Buy a small place of your own, perhaps. Live in a manner more suited to—"

"By no means. I intend to stay here."

"But—"

"In fact, I'd like to write and tell them so, straight away. I had—I still have, a small External Account in a London bank, though there are only a few shillings in it, I believe. Perhaps you'll allow me to dictate a letter to your secretary? And give me your advice?"

Charles Pirbright hesitated. Then he pressed a button on his desk. "I'll ask Miss Simmons to come in."

Half an hour later, as he rose to leave, the Consul said: "A most unusual name, Prospero."

"My father was a great admirer of the Bard. There's just one thing I'd like to ask you. In view of this windfall of mine, do you think the Consulate could oblige me with a small, temporary loan? Something in the nature of ten pounds, perhaps?"

"I'm afraid—" the Consul began, then stopped. He said with a sudden grin: "Damn the Consulate! I'll lend you the money myself. In pesetas. No, no! Don't worry about a receipt. So long, my dear chap. I'll let you know immediately we have a reply."

Prospero Lucas St. John Lysaght left the Consulate with a light step, carrying his balloons like a banner. He went straight to the Cafe Central and collected the two cardboard shoe boxes and the bundle of newspapers. Domingo was preparing for the daily arrival of the ferry, but paused to ask: "It was not bad news?"

"Not at all." He had scarcely known Francis, his cousin. "Domingo, I am giving a party tonight. See that there are tables for thirty people. Plenty of food. Oh, and wine."

"But, senor—"

"I can pay." The wad of folded notes made a reassuring bulge in his pocket. He took them out, holding them before Domingo's startled eyes. "And there will be more. Much more. Tonight you shall hear it all."

Back in his room he found that Senora Valdez had provided a large slab of cold tortilla for his lunch, placed between two hunks of bread. He ate it thoughtfully, sitting on the edge of his bed, which he had made immediately on his return. Afterward he read the papers.

When he returned to the village, at three o'clock, it seemed deserted. The ferry had come and gone; the last car, laden with tourists, had driven through to the nearest town or beyond. The shops were closed.

Carrying a single red balloon, he found Paco where the boy always was at that hour: fishing from the end of the quay. He said: "This is yours, if you will do as I tell you. Now listen carefully. You know the people who are my friends"

"Of course! The Mayor. And Father Ignacio. And Doctor Martinez, who plays chess with you sometimes. And the Cork Girl, Graciela, and Senor Ibanez the architect and—"

"Very well. I want you to go to all of them. And to tell them that Don Prospero invites them to meet him at the Cafe Central at seven tonight. For a "merienda." Tell them that he has had a stroke of good fortune, and that he wants to celebrate it with them. Will you do that?"

"Claro, senor!" The home-made fishing-rod fell with a clatter, and Paco held out his hand for the balloon. "It shall be done immediately. And — a thousand thanks."

"You yourself will be included in the party, of course. Perhaps a lemon drink for you—"

But Paco was gone.

The Balloon Man retraced his steps slowly. The patch of waste ground seemed to waver in a heat haze. His room, when he reached it, was hot as an oven. He stretched himself out on the bed and closed his eyes.

When he awoke, it was growing dusk. He washed and put on his second shirt and knotted the worn tie proudly. He was going to a party. His party.

They were still there, sitting in long rows at the joined tables, when the church clock struck twelve. The Mayor and the architect, the doctor and the priest. Graciela, looking bronzed and lovely, her face framed in her pale gold hair. Senora Valdez, matronly as she clicked her fan; her husband nodding. The children hovered, each holding a balloon, Domingo had drawn up a chair.

". . . with a bathroom to every room," he was saying, "and an American bar. My cousin from Madrid—"

"And glass cabinets for curios — for souvenirs — in the downstairs lobby. The little dolls my daughter makes—"

"I myself shall draw up the plans," the architect said. "for your approval, of course, senor."

"And I'll want a small place for myself, somewhere on the grounds," the Balloon Man told him, "but quite separate. With trees for privacy. And I thought of having some young man to take charge of it. Young Hassan Benani might like the job."

"Of course, of course! And a swimming-pool. All the best hotels have a swimming-pool. Even though the beach—"

"The beach will be clean as my plate!" The Mayor held up his plate, roaring with laughter, "This I guarantee you."

"I shall stock my shop," said Dona Isabel, "Swimsuits. The big straw hats the tourists like . . ."

"Workmen from the mainland."

"My son is a mason, he will return now."

The neon light sizzled. The Balloon Man rose to his feet, holding the denuded bamboo like a staff, and bowed to the Senora Valdez.

As silence fell, he said clearly: "I want to express my thanks to the kind lady who has given me hospitality for so long, and to her generous husband. I hope, when the hotel is opened, that she will act as hostess at the ceremony. I thank you, my friends, for coming tonight. It is you who shall decide what the hotel is to be named."

"Hotel Prospero!" Senora Valdez clapped her plump hands.

The others echoed: "Hotel Prospero!"

"One more glass of wine before we go."

The toast was drunk. The party scattered. The Balloon Man walked back with Senora Valdez and her husband.

In his room, he carefully lit the kerosine lamp on the table by his bed. Then, he selected a dozen flabby balloons from one of the shoe-boxes, and blew them up, one by one, before tying them by their strings to the length of bamboo.

Setting the cane in the corner facing his bed, he lifted the lamp and carried it to the shelf that held his books. Beside them was the framed photograph of a woman. A plain woman, with a gentle face.

"It's all right, my dearest," he told her, "at last—it's all right."

In bed, he reached, from habit for his book. Our next landfall was the floating island of Aeolia . . .

He let the book fall. This, too, was an island. And on it there would soon spring up a new and welcoming hotel. Ideas bubbled and danced in his mind, and when he turned down the wick and plunged the little room into darkness, they were still there.

As bright and gay and colorful as the tethered balloons in the corner, waiting for the children who would tumble, tomorrow, off the noon ferry. Tomorrow, and every day through spring and the long, hot summer.

(Copyright)

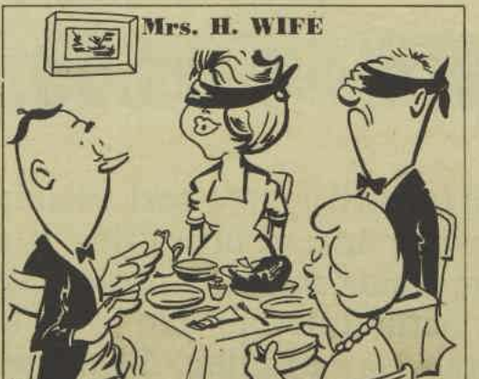
ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

THE BOYFRIEND



"I know we could have walked home by now, but it's the principle of the thing."

Mrs. H. WIFE



"It's one of her secret recipes."

Advertisement

New Hair Beauty with the 'Peek-in' Glow



HAIR that is as soft as a whisper, more youthful, cleaner and radiant with rich glowing highlights comes from the modern "Peek-In" Glow shampoo by Delph.

FALSE TEETH

Can Not Embarrass

Wearers of false teeth have suffered embarrassment because their teeth dropped or slipped at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. Makes false teeth stay in place, feel comfortable. Sweetens breath. Get FASTEETH at any chemist. Refuse substitutes.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919524

Teenagers' WEEKLY

POP FANS SAY, 'HELLO, DOLLIES'

By BRIAN GIBSON

● An illness and a joke have landed four attractive schoolgirls from Cheshire, England, in the big time as pop stars.



● *The Dollies — top, from left, Rae Bancroft (17) and Gerri Oswald (17); bottom, from left, Carole Parkes (16) and Jill Davies (16).*



● *The Dollies hope to climb pop charts, too.*

THEY'RE the Dollies, an all-girl vocal and guitar group who have been signed up by impresario Peter Walsh. They are currently playing theatres up and down Britain in a tour headlined by Del Shannon, Herman's Hermits, and Wayne Fontana, all chart-toppers in their own right.

The Dollies aren't quite in that class yet, but promoter Walsh is hopeful. "They have a sound that knocks me out and they're going straight to the top," he said.

The girls—Jill Davies, 16, Carole Parkes, 16, Gerri Oswald, 17, and Rae Bancroft, 17—all study at different schools in Altrincham and used to meet in the local coffee bars.

"Then about five months ago," said Rae, "we all thought it might be a bit of a laugh if we formed a vocal group. We really didn't expect to be taken all that seriously."

But their act was good enough for them to earn two or three pounds a night appearing at dance halls and parties until they were spotted by Charles Dean, a director of a local football club.

He began to groom them and paid for photo sessions and a demonstration disc which he thought of sending to a pop promoter.

Meanwhile, in London, Peter Walsh, the young manager behind Brian Poole and the Tremeloes and the head of his own record company, had a problem.

The Del Shannon tour, of which he was part-organiser, had come up against an obstacle.

Tour off

The American all-girl group, the Shangri-Las, who were due to tour after the success of discs like *Remember* and *Leader of the Pack*, cabled that illness would prevent them from appearing.

"I just didn't know what to do," said Walsh. "We wanted a female vocal group on the bill, but couldn't find one. Then these photographs of the Dollies plus a demo record landed on my desk, and I knew we had licked the problem."

Within three days the girls had travelled to London from Cheshire and had signed a five-year contract with Walsh's Starlight Artists company. They had little time to themselves, as the tour was due to start about a week later.

As the girls are still officially at school they have been granted a "leave of absence" by the local authorities to participate in the tour and make plans for their future in the pop world.

Walsh has already found titles for them to record. They are also lined up for television and radio spots and the prospect of another tour later this year.

Already they have been receiving excellent notices from critics who have attended the show and they are gradually building up an act that is going down well with the teenagers.

Girl vocal groups are nothing new. Plenty of them like the Supremes, Shangri-Las, and Martha and the Vandellas have shot into the charts.

They're all-American, and as yet Britain has no female group who have met with the same kind of success.

The Dollies have everything in their favor and could well make a dent in the charts.

"But first we've got to go back to school for a while," said Gerri, "I want to take my G.C.E. (General Certificate of Education) and the other girls have exams to take. Maybe when that's over we'll see what the future holds for us."

The adventures of Barry, sawyer

By DAVID HOOPER

● Like any normal 19-year-old, Queenslander Barry Mildren has an ambition — and to achieve it he's trying harder than many would.



BARRY MILDREN, 19, at his Queensland "logging camp" uses a power saw to cut logs into rail sleepers. Barry really wants to "carve out" a cattle business, however.

BARRY, who lives with his parents on a small, well-kept farm in the mountainous country of Julatten, 70 miles north-west of Cairns in Northern Queensland, has a desire to own a cattle-breeding farm.

In the lush green countryside where Barry wants his farm the price for land is very high.

But Barry is undaunted.

Last year he left his job at a local garage, and with the money he had earned bought himself a second-hand car.

He then drove his car to become a cutter on a sugar-cane farm.

This year, with the money he saved from cane cutting, he bought a tractor and two power saws.

He set up his own business — from which he hopes to raise the funds to buy his farm.

He works seven days a week, from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., cutting down trees and sawing them into rail sleepers for the local sugar mills.

Sleepers usually are worth up to £30 per 100. Some weeks Barry cuts up to 300.

This may seem a lot of money, but soon his contract may stop, and once it rains the bush tracks cannot be used.

"So," says Barry, "the reason I am working hard is to make hay while the sun shines."

One weekend recently I stayed with Barry and went with him to watch the working of his business.

At 6 a.m. on Saturday, we rose to a breakfast of bacon and eggs cooked by his mother.

By 7 a.m. we had travelled along a bumpy bush track on a local farmer's property and arrived at the timber camp.

Barry picked up his chain saw and tramped off into the tall timbers to look for suitable trees.

(A suitable tree is one that is so thick that you cannot put your arms around it.)

As soon as one was found, he cut it down and moved to the next.

Cutting down one of these giants is not easy work. First you have to allow for the wind, then you have to try and fell the tree where it will be easy to get at.

● *Continued, page 60*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919525



When you stop to think of it . . . isn't it a little silly of you not to be using Tampax internal sanitary protection?



Don't tell me your reasons—I don't want to hear them! Tampax is safe for anybody—married or unmarried, active or not.



Can't you just hear millions of users applauding it?.. saying that it will give you poise, security, freedom, comfort!



C'mon now—join the Tampax crowd. It all but takes all the problems out of problem days. No belts, no pins no pads, no odour.

We promise you'll be the happier for it. Tampax users just don't suffer embarrassment. And isn't that a good enough single reason to try it?



Tampax is available in 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and **the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.**



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.



Illustrated: "Cathedral," £7.19.6.

FRIEDLAND
DO-IT-YOURSELF
DOOR CHIMES
FROM
37/6
CLIP & MAIL this ad. with your address for FREE leaflets from:
CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.
67 Murray St., Pyrmont, N.S.W.
68 4138 A.W.W.

Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Seeing Australia first

IN her attack on the "see Australia first" idea, Patricia Evans maintained that the primary aim of overseas travellers is to get to know all about other countries, and that whether or not they have "seen" Australia is irrelevant.

This argument ignores the fact that overseas people are equally interested in Australia. It is an exchange of ideas that is required, rather than the globe-trotting Aussie soaking up information and giving nothing in return.

Many people believe that the "see Australia first" campaign is some kind of jingoism, or that one has a moral obligation to see one's own country before spurning it for foreign fields. Both these views are wrong.

But it would not be pleasant to be asked by a genuinely interested person about the famous outback, and have to confess that you haven't been there.—*M. Hoare, Gladesville, N.S.W.*

AT 19, I am at present working my way round Australia. Since leaving Melbourne in March, my girlfriend and I have spent two months in Canberra, and will shortly leave for Sydney.

We originally had planned an overseas trip, but were appalled at the idea of not being able to answer simple questions about our own country.

I feel that the differences in environment, ideas, and types of people we have met in Canberra alone have broadened my outlook and enriched me in experience. Our overseas trip will be postponed until we have discovered our own land and people.

Then we will be worthy ambassadors for Australia.—*Jennifer Green, Hackett, A.C.T.*

Budgeting

THOUGH I have been working only a few months, I have hit on an unusual method of saving.

Before buying any expensive article, I work out in days and hours just how long it would take me to earn the equivalent amount of money.

As a safeguard against impulsive frittering, I put everything but my board money in the bank as soon as I receive my pay, and draw out small amounts as I need them.

In this way money seems to have a more tangible value, and in three months of work on an average junior's pay I have been able to save £73 toward my university education. — *"Scot," Ashgrove, Qld.*

NEXT WEEK

● Young Australian flamenco dancer Michael Gillmer recently spent a year in Spain, where he studied bullfighting before he joined the famous Luisillo Dance Company. He travelled all over Europe dancing with the company. Story and color pictures.

Summary of likes

HERE are some of my pet likes and dislikes. Firstly, my likes:

All forms of mod dresses, way-out stockings and shoes. I like long, straight hair for girls and boys, but styled to suit the face, and I like folk music, jeans, bare feet, Persian cats, talking politics, oil painting, Dinah Lee, Marianne Faithfull, Manfred Mann.

My pet hates: Boys who wear hair oil, white socks, classical music, women who gossip, teased hair with hair spray, people who criticise and condemn today's youth. I dislike public transport because people are ignorant, rude, and lack respect and manners; Elvis Presley, and not being able to vote.—*Gwen James, Richmond, S.A.*

Pop slop

IT is a pity that most of our top-selling pop records come from America or England. The majority of our singers seem to lack originality and copy these overseas styles.

Previously most of our singers had greasy hair in the old rock-'n-roll fashion. Now they have turned right about and wear long, shaggy hair like the Merseysiders.

The majority of our recordings completely miss the charts overseas and take second place in Australia. I believe that if all Australian singers developed their own styles, as some are, they could make hits equal to any from overseas. — *Jim White, Victor Harbor, S.A.*

School assembly

AS a student who has participated in flag assemblies at school for 12 years, I feel that such ceremonies should either be altered or abolished.

Each Monday the whole school is assembled, the Australian flag hoisted, and a meaningless ritual recited. It has been my experience that the majority of students take no interest and the majority of teachers show no visible interest in the proceedings.

The aim of the whole ceremony is to give us a pride in our country. But how can anyone observe this ceremony as a declaration of pride when "Australia" isn't mentioned throughout the proceedings? The whole ceremony is conducted only because it is part of the school's duties.

While not in favor of the bush ballad *Waltzing Matilda* as our national anthem, I think *Advance Australia Fair* has words more appropriate to this country than the present National Anthem, which is, in fact, the British Anthem.

If the ceremony of school assembly is to have any meaning, I feel it should be altered to give more emphasis to Australia.—*Rod Munday, Seaford, Vic.*



"Well, what kind of two-year contract did we sign?"

Socks appeal

ALWAYS anxious to be among the first with the latest, I bought a pair of patterned stockings. I decided I should also like a pair of knee socks.

The stockings cost 11/11 and the socks 19/11. But a mere illogical female, I failed to see the logic in this so straightaway went to the nearest men's-wear store and bought a pair of long socks — for 5/11!

I wanted red socks, but men, it seems, are too conservative to wear these. So I dyed the ones I bought. Has T.W. any enterprising male reader willing to start a new fad and wear long red socks? (It would save 1/9 on the dye.) — *L. Plowman, Kogarah, N.S.W.*

HAIR TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

ROUND ROBIN

● There really is no accounting for women.

IF I ever needed proof of this, their reaction when I started to grow a moustache recently provided it.

While I was away from the office for a couple of weeks I decided to have a go at a mo.

I had started one once before. When it was only a few days old, however, I forgot the project one morning and absent-mindedly shaved half off.

Showing that old stiff upper lip spirit I got rid of the rest.

I am not one to split hairs.

This time, though, I decided things would be different.

I returned to my desk sporting a week-old (no, not weak old) growth.

And then the trouble started.

"You look like Adolph," said one girl.

"Menjou?" I asked.

"No, Hitler."

"It's king," said another lass — then added, "Farouk."

And so it went on.

I was asked had I forgotten to wash? Couldn't I afford a razor blade? Where was the fancy dress ball?

After three weeks I finally cracked under the strain.

Off came the moustache. In I went to the office.

I was brave about it. We were meant for each other but we had to part.

"Why did you do that?" asked the girl who had made the Hitler crack. "It was so like Gable's."

"Anne of Green Gables?" I said guardedly.

"Oh, no," she said dreamily, "That wonderful Clark Gable's."

You know, I wonder how mature (Victor) a beard would make me?

— Robin Adair

● From page 59

Sometimes when the tree falls it hits branches of nearby trees and breaks them off. These falling branches are often more dangerous than the falling tree.

When a suitable number of trees had been felled and their branches cut off, Barry connected a chain to each one and dragged it back to his camp by tractor.

Then, by using a crowbar, he moved each log into position under his shed.

Marking the logs to their required lengths, he then cut them up with his large circular saw.

After the air had been filled with noises and sawdust another batch of sleepers had been cut.

He then stacked the sleepers in a neat heap ready to be carted away. Around 1 p.m. we went home for lunch.

An hour later Barry was back again — felling, marking, cutting, stacking.

In the afternoon the carter arrived, and the heavy sleepers had to be stacked on his truck.

After the loading, Barry set about sharpening his saws for the next day's cutting.

We arrived home around 7 p.m., and after tea I was about ready for bed.

Barry wasn't — Saturday night was his dance night.

So at 9 p.m. I found myself sitting in a comfortable chair in a dance hall 50 miles away watching Barry dance.

While I sat tiredly watching, my tall, energetic friend never missed a dance until after midnight, when we returned home.

Sunday was a repeat of Saturday, except there was no dance that night.

Standing out there in the hot sun all day — shirt soaked with perspiration, and perspiration mixing with sawdust to form a gooey mess all over his face, arms, and legs; stopping now and then for a brief drink of cool water from a nearby spring — Barry keeps working and thinking of the future.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919526

The Chelsea Soccer team ells a dummy

"Pull up a beach and sit down" was the pening line of a riotous interview with 20 ligible young bachelors, the Chelsea Soccer team now touring Australia.



MEMBERS of the team from left to right: John Hollands, 19, George Graham, 20, Bert Murray, 20, Terry Venables (captain), 23, and Marvin Hinton, 22. They wanted to get suntans to take home.

THERE they were — all of them, plus copper-ired manager Tommy ocherty — sprawled on inly Beach in swimming nks.

There I was dressed in a t, stockings, and carrying shoes.

"It's a bird . . . hey, boys, k it's a bird!" They all ned to look, then began eering and clapping.

"You want Mr. Docherty he's there, the one with fat nose," someone said.

o, not that one—HIM," a ttish accent said and then ispered, "he's the boss."

I finally found Mr. cherty, who offered me a s of wine—"We haven't any, luv, but it's good f"—before disappearing the surf.

So then I looked for 22-r-old team captain Terry nables. I was introduced a "tanning" footballer g in the sand. "I'm get-a suntan to take home," aid.

Yeah, I'm the captain. ll me Terry." He sat up began building a bridge the sand—"the Sydney bor Bridge."

erry was quite a well-wn pop singer in Eng-d before he had to give way to concentrate on his cer career.

"I used to sing," he said. "I can't play any instruments, though, but I was with a group—y'know, long hair, the lot. But the 'Guvnor' (Mr. Docherty) told me to get it cut—so I gave up singing."

The boys told me Everton captain Roy Vernon, who toured Australia with his team last year, had given them glowing reports of this country.

"He said it was fantastic," Marvin Hinton, one of the team, said, "and we haven't been disappointed. We're lovin' it."

"Quote Marvin on that," Terry said, "he loves his name in print — but ME — I'm far too modest for that sort of thing.

"Say, are you really going to print all this — boys, look, she's written everything down," he said. "Think we better tell her?

"Y'see, luv, I'm not the captain—mind you I should be — but that's Terry over there. I'm Jo Fascione."

So then I met the REAL Terry Venables. Tall and good-looking Terry (called "Venner" by his mates) had just come down on the beach.

"Don't mind Jo," Terry said, "he's always like that — loves teasing. By the way, what did he tell you about me."

Terry then told me the truth about his pop-singing career — "I was with the Joe Loss Orchestra for a few years — pop stuff, modern jazz, blue beat."

Then I talked to the "babies" of the team, the three 18-year-olds.

One of the "babies," Jim McCalliog, is originally from Scotland, but now lives at Twickenham, home of the famous Rugby ground. Jim doesn't like Rugby: "I don't think it has any real skill or science, and there are too many stoppages. They're always stopping and starting throughout the game," he said.

Another 18-year-old, Bill Sinclair, from Scotland, was coming out of the water carrying a surfboard. "Surfing's great—I'd never tried it until I came here."

Eighteen - year - old John Boyle is also from Scotland. "I've been with the Chelsea team about a year," he said. "Sure we train quite a bit and go on tours once or twice a year, but we've still plenty of time for ourselves."

All members of the Chelsea team are professional Soccer players. "In Britain you can turn professional if you're good enough when you're 17," Terry Venables told me.

"Before turning professional, players do a type of two-year apprenticeship. A footballer, if he keeps himself fit and in training, can still be playing professional Soccer when he's 34 years old."

And what will the boys do when their professional football days are over?

"Start a business" . . . "keep pigeons — just for a 'obbie" . . . "invest my money" . . . "get a few bob on the horses!" . . . "I don't know—guess we could always come back to Australia and help her out a bit!"

—JENNY IRVINE



TWO SURFIES — also "babies" of the team— Bill Sinclair, 18 (left), and John Boyle, 18.

THE CLASSICS

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV and STRAVINSKY: Orchestral works.

A NEW RCA recording by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under conductor Erich Leinsdorf brings together the orchestral suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera *The Golden Cockerel* and the concert suite from Stravinsky's ballet *The Firebird*.

These two mythical musical birds provide interesting comparisons, as well as brilliant examples of typically colorful Russian orchestration.

The stage works from which these suites are taken were first performed within less than a year of one another; the *Cockerel* in 1909, *Firebird* in 1910. Stravinsky was a pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and the two works may seem at first to be cut from the same roll of cloth.

But this is only half true. The *Cockerel* marks an end, for it was given its premiere nine months after the composer's death. *Firebird* was a beginning, the work of a little-known young man of 27, and in it we can already hear the experimenting hand of the revolutionary who helped shape the music of this century (and is now, at 82, the most eminent living composer).

One thing the two works do have in common is the typical Russian gift for suggesting a fairy-tale atmosphere in music, and both are admirably suited to the virtuosity of the Boston orchestra.

—MARTIN LONG



Nailoid gives you lovelier, healthier nails

Because Nailoid nourishes and strengthens nails.

Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.



Hair beauty consultant writes

DRY BRITTLE HAIR *Don't despair*

Most women want to keep up with hair fashions but *some* hesitate. They know over-perming or over-colouring tends to dry and split their hair.

So relax! Science has come to your rescue with 'KIRONE-R'*. From the laboratories of L'Oreal of Paris — 'KIRONE-R' is a rich conditioner which actually nourishes the hair — giving new body, bounce, and manageable beauty.

Anne Bryant

Hair Beauty Advisory Service
Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd.
699 Warrigal Rd., Chadstone, Vic.

*TRADE MARK NM2A/0264

Advertisement



Wrinkles are really "river-beds" of dry cells caused by the plasma colloids (or water carriers of the skin) drying out through the passage of time and harsh weather. To bring life again to your skin and smooth away wrinkle dryness, ask your chemist for a little oil of Ulan and before you make-up smooth over the face, neck and hands. This will nourish the skin at depth and give it a new life and delightful dewy bloom.

... Margaret Merril.

* * * * * * * * * *

The magazine of brighter reading 1/6 **Everybody's**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919527

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

● *Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.*

Trip or man?

"I AM 21, and for the past five years have been planning an overseas working holiday. Now, however, I find myself very attached to a wonderful man whom I have been dating steadily for the past six months. He has proposed, and I would dearly love to accept him, but when I think of all the time I have looked forward, saved, and planned for this trip, I don't know what to do. My friends are trying to convince me that it would be unfair to ask him to wait two years."

"Undecided," N.S.W.

Isn't it just like life — to get what you want when you don't want it. But, to answer you:

First, whether he waits for you is NO business of your friends. It concerns only you and him.

Second: Could you compromise by going abroad for only six months instead of the two years? That way you could have the trip and him, too.

Leaving home

"CAN I leave home without my parents' permission? I am over 16 and I have a good job which pays well. I have been offered a room nearer to my job, and I would like to accept it. My parents won't allow it."

"Hopeful," N.S.W.

Even though you have a good job and somewhere to live, you cannot leave home until you are 18.

Crying wolf

"WHEN my boyfriend is out w[ith] me he always watches o[ther] girls go past, and he often c[om]ments, 'Wow, what a sort!' [I] she is pretty. He tells me he l[ove]s me, but he doesn't know how m[uch] it hurts me when he is holdi[ng] my hand, but watching other gir[ls]. He also comments on how beau[ti]ful Ann-Margret and other f[il]m stars are. I feel he is compar[ing] me with them, although he o[ften] tells me that I am pretty. I h[ave] the feeling that if he had a chance he would swop me for s[ome] of them. Do all boys do this? [At] what age do they stop? (My b[oy]friend is 21.)"

"Please Help Me," S.A.

Many boys do this, and s[ome] never quite grow out of it. B[ut] there's a big difference betw[een] looking at something in a sh[op] window and going in and buy[ing] it. As long as he keeps on hol[d]ing YOUR hand, let him make [the] comment he likes. He c[an] appreciate pretty girls with[out] wanting to replace you.

The best tactic is to smile a[nd] agree. Don't let him think [that] he makes you jealous by [his] behaviour—if you take it ser[i]ously he may stop. (And how can [you] be sure you wouldn't swop [him] for Elvis Presley if you had the chance?)

"Loves" the boss

"I AM an attractive girl with a reasonably good figure a[nd] come from a very well-to-do fami[ly]. My problem is that I am interest[ed] in my boss, who is happily mar[ried]. He gives me gifts and p[ut] out of his way to do favors [for] me. I never go out with any b[oy] of my own age, which is 20. I can't think of anybody but m[y] boss, who is twice my age."

"Desperate," N.S.W.

Your boss probably thinks of you in a fatherly fashion. Do not put any far-fetched interpretation on those gifts. Make an effort to meet young men and go out with them. If this doesn't distract you, change your job. His happy marriage is not something to be meddled with by a dreamy girl.

Nuisances

"WE are two very worried girls of 18 who share a flat near our work. Four boys live in a flat above us. We are friendly with them and have often been out with them all, but they think this is an invitation. They have been coming to our flat and not leaving us alone enough. Even at the risk of losing their friendship we have told them to go, but it is increasingly difficult to make them. Please help us to keep our reputations."

"Scared," Vic.

This is a ridiculous situation to be inconvenienced, and in your own home! You've heard of a king in his castle — exercise the same rights. Make it clear that you are to visit only by invitation.

When they call uninvited stand at the door and say, "Oh, I would so like to see you all tonight, but I am washing my hair, and I and we are both going to write home."

Silent partner

"I HAVE been going with a wonderful boy for nearly a year now. We plan to marry some day, but it is distressing that when he takes me out he never takes a scrap of notice of the pains I have taken to look just right for him. Even if he said that he didn't like the way I look it would let me know where I stand."

"Discouraged," N.S.W.

Isn't it that you just look right to him no matter what? Surely wouldn't you rather have him think you a natural beauty than make a comment like, "Gee, you look terrific tonight; you must have gone to a lot of trouble!"



Keymatic rinses your wash cleanest of all

The final rinse-water is so clean a goldfish could live in it!

THE GOLDFISH ABOVE is actually swimming in the last rinsewater from Keymatic! Living proof of Keymatic's superior automatic rinsing. Only Keymatic gives your wash three complete and separate deep immersion rinses at automatically reducing temperatures (far more efficient than overflow or spray rinses).

These temperatures are controlled to match exactly the type of fabric being washed. This means that sturdy fabrics, whites, etc. are deep-rinsed first in warm water, then lukewarm, then cold. Delicate fabrics, woollens, etc. are deep-rinsed first in lukewarm, then tepid, finally cold. Every trace of suds is rinsed away completely — safely — without fabric damage or matting. You can see the final rinse-water is crystal-clear and clean. No other automatic rinses with such thoroughness, such care.

ONE SIMPLE CONTROL — a unique keyplate. Click it in and an entire wash-cycle automatically goes into action. That's all you do.

8 WASH-PROGRAMMES — marked on the keyplate. There's a complete and perfect programme for every type of fabric you wash.

2 COMPLETELY DIFFERENT WASHING-ACTIONS — exclusive to Keymatic. Vigorous for sturdy fabrics, gentle for delicate fabrics.

DRIEST SPIN-DRY — spins fastest of all automatics — removes more water from your wash.

10 lb. WASHLOAD — takes the full family wash. Keymatic is compact outside — big inside! Uses less hot and cold water too.



WASHES CLEANEST — CARES FOR CLOTHES

New Keymatic
FULLY AUTOMATIC WASHER

HKI/81WWJCP

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919528

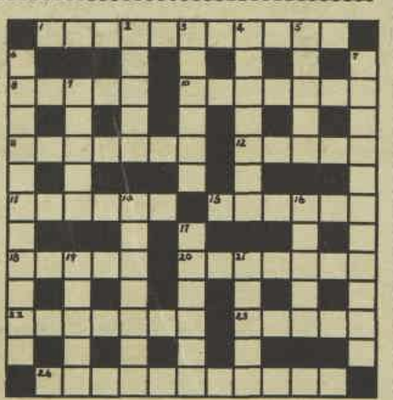
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE MOLE steals some of the gold from Fort Knox. Mandrake is sure he will return to get the rest of the gold. Dressed in an asbestos suit, Mandrake waits. NOW READ ON . . .





THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

Without our man you can't have skill in good eating (11).

Flower which can take a rest (5).

Grim era can produce an esquire (7).

Odd dole (angr., 7).

A statement, a fib, or sty (5).

Bear witness at trial. (6).

He covers roof or abuses and is inwardly always late (6).

Grimy as the heart of a Ladin gypsy (5).

Charge with a crime (7).

This animal is a small West African paradoxure (7).

Eat or make a speech. (5).

Red ants said to make of uniform size (11).



...sion of last week's crossword.

DOWN

2. It ends with a Russian mountain range, yet it can be from any country (5).
3. Decisions of an arbitrator in a sad war (6).
4. This is a girl (7).
5. Indicates the beginning or the end of repetitions (5).
6. Maybe they are manicurists? (11).
7. It turns to devotion for a Lamaist (6-5).
9. Fish, the end of which is always out (5).
14. Relating to the river where Charon was the ferryman (7).
16. I and a rat in an ornamental coronet (5).
17. Picture show came in (6).
19. Composition for nine performers (5).
21. Having a proper sense of what is becoming (5).

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3338.—Lovely two-piece afternoon dress with shell overblouse, new bead trim at neckline. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.



3288.—A Mary Quant one-piece with contrast tab and cuffs. Sizes 30½, 31, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/6 includes postage.



3371.—Useful three-piece with cowl-collared blouse, sleeveless blouson jacket, and slim skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

3046.—Warm, high-yoked maternity smock dress. Pattern includes sleeveless version. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

2571.—Attractive jacket dress cut in larger sizes. Dress is slim with slightly bloused bodice. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.

3233.—Girl's blouse and two-piece dress with overblouse buttoning to pleated skirt. Sizes 4 to 14 (23, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32in. bust). Price 5/- includes postage.





BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES.



Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME / ADDRESS	DESIGN	SIZE

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919529



FAST, POSITIVE COUGH RELIEF BECAUSE NEW IMPROVED FORMULA NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' HAS

60% More decongestive activity!

25% More cough suppressant activity!

Even persistent coughing, heavy chest congestion and bronchitis are relieved with **improved formula** NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. It works faster; relief lasts longer because its active ingredients are **substantially** increased. You benefit with **increased effectiveness without increase in price!** 6, 12 and 16 fl. oz. bottles: **6/9** (68c); **11/6** (\$1.15) and **14/9** (\$1.48).

Special age adjusted dosage strengths for children; babies.

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds — anytime, anywhere with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue ... **6/6** (65c).



Nyal
'DECONGESTANT'
NASAL SPRAY

Pain Relief without Stomach Upset

You can get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Gets to centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, feverishness of colds and 'flu. Tablets

24's **3/9** (38c).
36's **4/9** (48c).
50's **6/-** (60c).
100's **11/6** (\$1.15).



Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!

COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection; helps speed recovery. 12 tablets, **4/6** (45c); 24 tablets, **8/-** (80c).



Build Resistance to Winter Ills

with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, **22/6** (\$2.25); 90 days, **52/6** (\$5.25).



4-Way Throat Medica

Infected, inflamed throa need Coldrex **antiseptic** thr pastilles' **4-way** medication relieve soreness . . . stop cou ing! Coldrex Pastilles are a septic, decongestive a expectorant. 30 pastilles in handy flat metal can—7/6 (7 20 pastilles—**5/9** (58c).



NYAL COMPANY *Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited, ERMINGTON, N.S.W.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4919530